SCREENLAND

ICC

November

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RITA HAYWORTH

OCT 13 1943

IT'S SWEET BETTY Oh GRABLE, In Her-And The Screen's Greatest M-M-Musical!

THE story's as great as the stars! The stars are as glorious as the songs! It's the year's *spectacular* treat!



BETTY GRABLE
ROBERT YOUNG
ADOLPHE MENJOU

Mack Gordon and Harry Warren songs:
"My Heart Tells Me," "The Wishing Waltz," "My Sam," "Goin' to the County Fair." Plus the immortal "Sweet Rosie O'Grady"

Sweet Rosie O'Grady

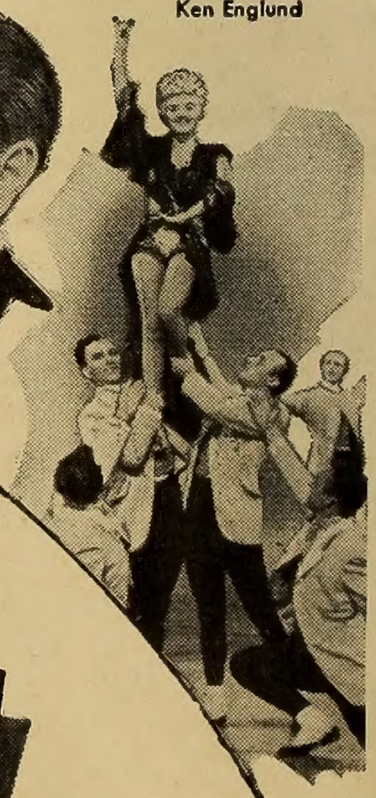
IN TECHNICOLOR!

Reginald GARDINER
Virginia GREY
Phil REGAN

Directed by
IRVING CUMMINGS
Produced by
WILLIAM PERLBERG
Screen Play by
Ken Englund







Watch for this BIG ONE from 20th Century-Fox to be followed by

★ ORSON WELLES
JOAN FONTAINE
in
Charlotte Bronte's
"JANE EYRE"

★ ALICE FAYE
CARMEN MIRANDA
PHIL BAKER
BENNY GOODMAN
and his Orchestra
in THE GANG'S ALL HERE
in Technicolor

★ RICHARD TREGASKIS'
GUADALCANAL DIARY

★ MAUREEN O'HARA
JOEL McCREA
in BUFFALO BILL
in Technicolor

★ FRANZ WERFEL'S
THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

the whole world loves a radiant smile!



Give your smile a winning sparkle with the aid of Ipana and massage!

CHIN UP, PLAIN GIRL! Glance at the most popular girls in your crowd—girls who win admiration, invite romance. Very few can claim real beauty. *But they all know how to smile!*

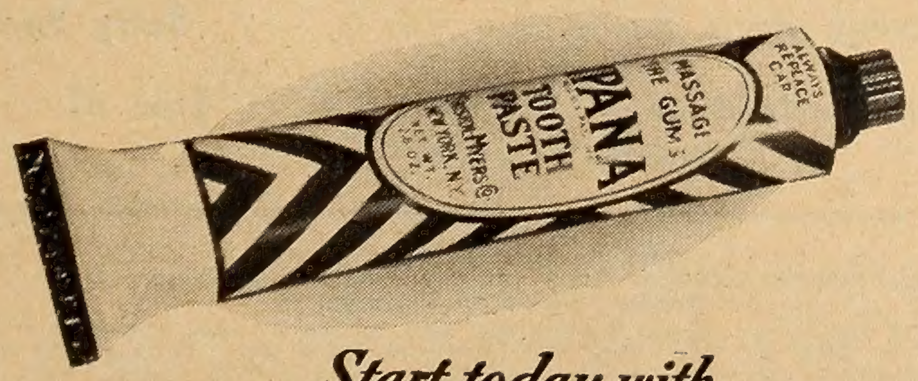
So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a faint, half-hearted smile but a radiant smile—the kind that gives you a magic charm. Yes, smile—but remember, sparkling teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



All eyes are upon the girl with a lovely, radiant smile! Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We said we had put our Best Foot Forward, but we've got a still better foot. It's "Girl Crazy."

★ ★ ★ ★

We're crazy about "Girl Crazy" for a combination of reasons. We're Gershwin crazy, Mickey Rooney crazy, Judy Garland crazy, Tommy Dorsey crazy.



Some of us old harkers hark back to the original Broadway show and remember "I Got Rhythm," "Bidin' My Time," "Embraceable You," and other wonderful melodies and lyrics.

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, brethren and sistern, the verdict is in. The screen "Girl Crazy" will delight the harkers-back and delight those butterflies who have recently emerged from the cocoon.

★ ★ ★ ★

From the moment that Mickey meets Judy in that broken-down jalopy and sings "Could You Use Me," the gaiety gets going and keeps going.

★ ★ ★ ★

When Judy sings "They're Writing Songs Of Love But Not For Me," hard hearts melt. When Mickey does his Madison Square Garden routine all sides shake.

★ ★ ★ ★

We can't omit mention of Gil Stratton, "Rags" Ragland, Nancy Walker (remember her in "Best Foot Forward"). Robert E. Strickland, June Allyson and Guy Kibbee. They're a great cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

Fred Finklehoffe did the screen play from the musical by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan. The great late George Gershwin did the music and brother Ira the lyrics. Norman Taurog directed, Arthur Freed produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tommy Dorsey's lively band. Beautiful girls. Loud comedy. In the words of "I Got Rhythm," could you ask for anything more?

★ ★ ★ ★

The story deals with an eastern playboy who gets a degree in discipline from the wild and woolly campus of an Arizona college.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is a colorful production in typical Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer style.

★ ★ ★ ★

As for us

★ ★ ★ ★

We're Girl Crazy. —*Leo*



SCREENLAND

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November, 1943 Vol. XLVIII, No. 1

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Cover Portrait of RITA HAYWORTH, Star of Columbia's "Cover Girl"

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SCREENLAND. Published monthly by Hunter Publications, Inc., at 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Advertising Offices: 205 E. 52nd St., New York; 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 427 W. 5th St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions $2.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $2.50 in Canada; foreign $3.00. **Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address.** Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1943 by Hunter Publications, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



Picture of a Lion going CRAZY with Joy !

He's just seen a preview of **A GEM FROM M-G-M**

the merry musical **GIRL CRAZY**

It is studded with beautiful girls and sparkling with Gershwin music



MICKEY ROONEY
and
JUDY GARLAND
and
TOMMY DORSEY and his Orchestra



It's got ropin' ridin' and rhythm! It's got dancin' romancin' and it's a riot!

with GIL STRATTON "RAGS" RAGLAND NANCY WALKER ROBERT E. STRICKLAND
JUNE ALLYSON · GUY KIBBEE · Screen Play by Fred Finklehoffe · Based Upon Musical Play
"Girl Crazy" by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan · Music by George Gershwin · Lyrics by Ira Gershwin
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG · Produced by ARTHUR FREED · **A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture**

IT'S GOT BROADWAY FLAIR AND A WESTERN AIR !

It's a
BIG PICTURE
HAIL, HAIL,
THE GANG'S
ALL HERE!
AND IT'S
AL PEARCE
radio's super-stupor salesman, Elmer Blurt,
and his fun-makers



Here Comes Elmer

with
DALE EVANS
FRANK ALBERTSON
Gloria Stuart
Wally Vernon
featuring
Radio's Popular Entertainers
Artie Auerbach as "Kitzel"
Arlene Harris as "Tizzie Lish"
William Comstock
"Pinky" Tomlin
Wendell Niles
The Sportsmen
The King Cole Trio
and JAN GARBER
AND HIS ORCHESTRA



Flash! Watch for "In Old Oklahoma"—glorifying the romantic pioneer spirit of America.



10 Hit Songs—Old and New including
STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT
EGGA DAGGA
HARLEM SANDMAN
YOU'RE SO GOOD TO ME
DON'T BE AFRAID TO TELL YOUR MOTHER

BACK THE ATTACK—
BUY WAR BONDS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD



Pvt. Desi Arnaz bestowing a birthday kiss on his wife, Lucille Ball. It was a *Happy Birthday* since they could celebrate it together

IF Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor were experiencing a "cooling-off" period, certainly there was no evidence of it just before he quit Hollywood. They refused all farewell party invitations, because they wanted to spend Bob's remaining weeks with each other. Incidentally, Bob's G.I. haircut practically "killed" Barbara. He had it done in Hollywood because he wanted to get used to it. Bob, looking just like a handsome young Indian with his clipped head, is in the Navy now.

WAY up on location for "Frenchman's Creek," Joan Fontaine received her nicest fan letter. It enthusiastically praised her performance as little *Tessa* in "The Constant Nymph." It was signed by John Loder and Hedy Lamarr.

BY the time you read this, Richard Carlson will be in the Navy. At the last moment he was given a deferment to appear with Ronald Colman in "Kismet." But when they got around to making wardrobe tests, they also discovered they couldn't make Richard look like a convincing Arab. So he's out of the picture.

ONE thing sure, Ida Lupino will never get any sympathy from the ladies. Believe it or not, girls, Ida had to do some torrid love scenes with Paul Henreid. She complained to the director that Paul squeezed her too tight and hurt her.



June Havoc and Jack Oakie, a pretty steady twosome these days, pictured at the opening of Orson Welles' Mercury Wonder Tent Show.



It was Ann Miller's and Edward G. Robinson's turn to perform on "Mail Call," a radio program broadcast to our fighting men overseas.

The Greatest Love Story
Ever To Live On The Screen

Paramount Presents

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

FROM THE CELEBRATED NOVEL BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

starring

Gary Cooper • Ingrid Bergman

with *AKIM TAMIROFF · ARTURO DE CORDOVA*
JOSEPH CALLEIA and KATINA PAXINOU

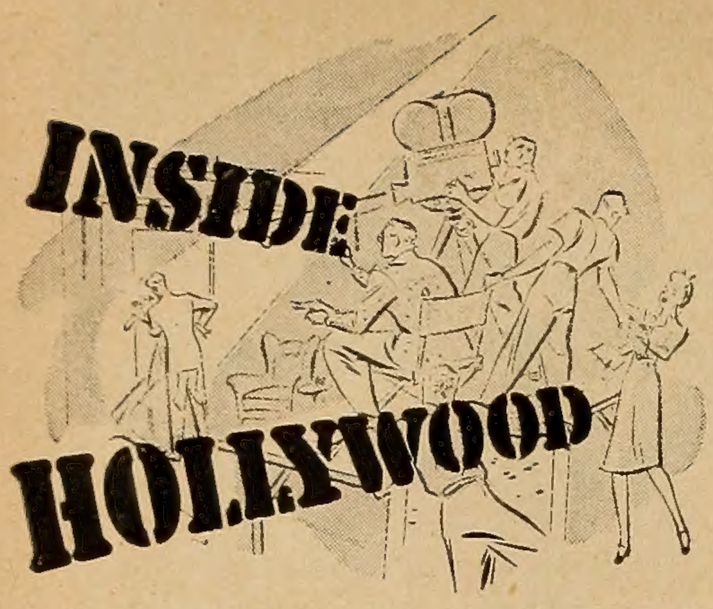
Executive Producer B. G. DESYLVA

Produced and Directed by **Sam Wood** Screen Play by Dudley Nichols

IN TECHNICOLOR



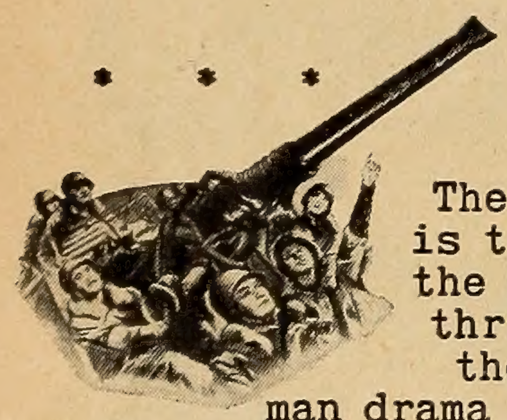
"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" WILL NOT BE SHOWN AT REGULAR ADMISSION PRICES UNTIL 1945



Now it can be told! The mighty epic story of adventure, courage and glory in the desert...SAHARA ...starring the great action star of "Casablanca"... HUMPHREY BOGART. Its tender human emotion and matchless thrills will give you a memorable entertainment experience.



* * * * *



The suspense is terrific.. the action is thrilling... the-man-to-man drama is tender as a woman's heart. That's DESTROYER...the stirring story of 200 Americans aboard "a hunk of tin with a heart"... starring Edward G. Robinson with Glenn Ford and Marguerite Chapman sharing the love-interest. See it for thrills!

* * * * * *



For rollicking, uproarious laughter see "MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK" Charles "Dingle" Coburn is the star in this story of a visiting celebrity whose stomach was the apple of his eye. We recommend it as the laughing successor to "The More The Merrier". It's got that TINGLE!

ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
FOR THESE COLUMBIA PICTURES



Your GUIDE *to* CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY *Delight Evans*



THIS IS THE ARMY—*Warner Bros.*

The genius of Irving Berlin, the superb talents of a troupe of Uncle Sam's soldiers, the shrewd showmanship of Warner Bros. have combined to turn out a great movie show. All the spirit and excitement of Berlin's Army stage show are miraculously preserved in celluloid, with a well-contrived plot played by some of Hollywood's best actors to lend it substance. Beginning with World War I, when Berlin staged his first soldier show, "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," the adventures of three buddies at Camp Upton and overseas provide the drama, with their children taking over after Pearl Harbor. You'll hear all those rousing numbers from the show, stirringly staged. You'll enjoy the fine performances of Lt. Ronald Reagan, Joan Leslie and George Murphy—but the real stars are the soldiers.



CLAUDIA—*20th Century-Fox*

Hail a new star—the enchanting Dorothy McGuire, who makes "Claudia" something to see. As the child-wife of Rose Franken's best-seller and Broadway hit, now a delightful movie, Miss McGuire is completely captivating, and will undoubtedly set a new style in screen heroines, and welcome. Wistfully wacky, *Claudia* alternately charms and confuses her nice husband in her valiant efforts to solve the problems of life, from income taxes to amorous Englishmen, but before she's through, she shows signs of "growing up"—though not too fast. Yes, it is Dorothy McGuire's picture, but here's special applause for Robert Young as the husband.



HEAVEN CAN WAIT—*20th Century-Fox*

This Lubitsch picture is solid entertainment. His direction has inspired its stars—Don Ameche and Gene Tierney—to give the best performances of their careers. Ameche is seen as *Henry Van Cleve* who, believing himself unworthy of Heaven, applies for admission to Hell and tells the story of his life and loves, in episodic flashbacks, to Hell's majordomo (Laird Cregar), who sends him on his way to Heaven. His worst sin: eloping with his cousin's fiancee, Gene, who is lovely as a young girl and ages prettily as Don's wife. Don't miss this delightful film.



GIRL CRAZY—*M-G-M*

Fans of the Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland team will cheer their reunion (first since "Babes on Broadway" in 1942) in this gay and lavish musical. Add Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra, and some of George Gershwin's best tunes, notably *I Got Rhythm* and *Bidin' My Time,* and you have sure-fire entertainment, with particular appeal to the young set. Mickey plays with customary cockiness a girl-crazy young man about town whose fed-up father packs him off to Cody College in the Arizona desert (not a co-educational institution). Here the Mick learns to take it the hard way, with Judy giving him a new and fresh slant on women.



BEST FOOT FORWARD—*M-G-M*

This screen version of the musical stage hit will delight all moviegoers. Lucille Ball, playing herself and looking exquisite in Technicolor, is invited by student *Bud Hooper* to Winsocki Military Academy's prom, as his partner. Surprise! She accepts—for publicity's sake. He's in a spot, having already asked *Helen* (Virginia Weidler). His attempts to hide the star are hilarious scenes. The beauty and pep of its many youthful performers, who sing, dance, and make merry to Harry James' jive and jump tunes, make it refreshing movie pastime. Tommy Dix, fine as *Bud.*



LET'S FACE IT—*Paramount*

This is one of Bob Hope's funniest films. It will cheer you, make you come away singing *Let's Face It,* and make you feel better able to face anything. Bob's in the Army in this musical comedy, but it's *not* a war picture—it's strictly for laughs. He's a soldier who uses his jeep to bootleg sweets to fat girls at a weight-reducing farm, to raise cash so he can marry Betty Hutton. The jeep gets smashed. To pay for it, he hires himself and pals out to three lonely wives who want to make their hubbies jealous. The meeting of the scrambled mates—soldiers, their own girls, the wives, and their husbands with their sweeties is a hilarious sequence. Bob and Betty make a good team and furnish many hearty laughs.



MR. LUCKY—*RKO Radio*

An exciting underworld film, with some new twists, in which that charming fellow, Cary Grant, portrays a gambler who assumes identity of a dead crony, a 4-F, to escape the draft and carry on his racket. He persuades a relief organization, through a worker, Laraine Day, to permit him to run a gambling concession at a war relief ball, expecting to skip with the cash and use it to operate a gambling boat. His love for her reforms him and he gives back the money. He disappears when the parole board checks on the 4-F man, but later turns up as a Merchant Marine hero. Cary, excellent as the gambler; Laraine, good to look at, even if not too convincing. It's a light, breezy screen tale with good suspense.



DIXIE—*Paramount*

Bing Crosby's new picture depicts the old pre-Civil War days of show business, when minstrels came to town, and tells the story of Dan Emmett, original minstrel and composer of the famous song, *Dixie.* Bing is capable as Dan, and sings in great Crosby style. Dorothy Lamour is his second love who bows out when she learns the girl he married, Marjorie Reynolds, is a cripple. Both girls, fine. The film moves slowly at times, but its catchy tunes (particularly *Dixie* in the rousing finale), and good comedy make it pleasant entertainment. The costumes of that colorful era, gaudy minstrels, and fires set by careless Crosby's pipe are vividly portrayed in Technicolor.




NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!
The mighty epic story of adventure in the desert...in all its heart-stirring splendor! Sensational! Emotional! Memorable! The drama of the "Lulubelle"... and the men who loved her as though she were a woman!

HUMPHREY

BOGART

THE GREAT STAR OF "CASABLANCA"



SAHARA

with

BRUCE BENNETT · J. CARROL NAISH · LLOYD BRIDGES

Screen Play by John Howard Lawson and Zoltan Korda · Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



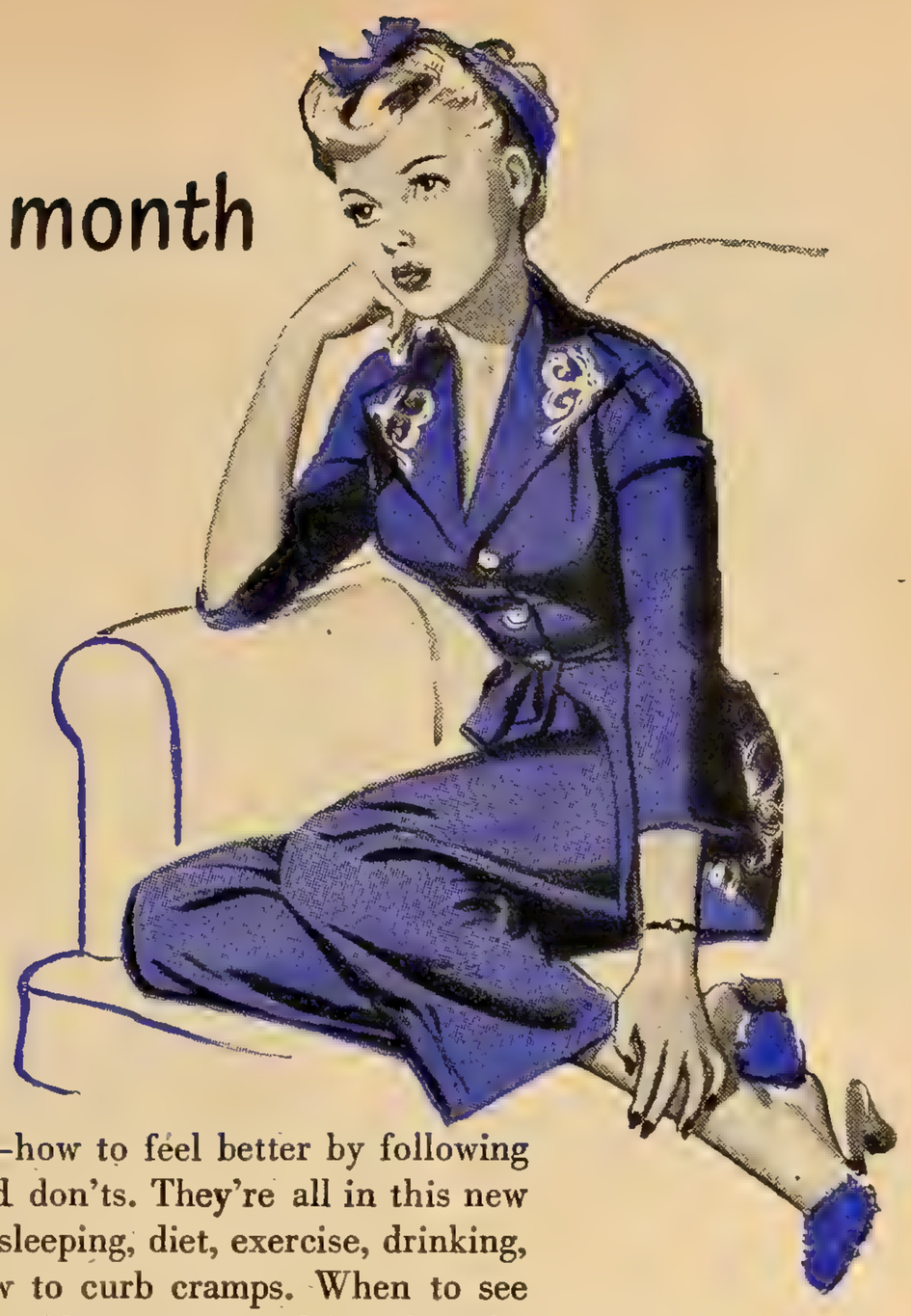
SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

Important event! America's amusement treat is Irving Berlin's "This Is The Army" as produced by Warner Bros.

New York pre-view brought out service men and women in droves. Irving Berlin was kept busy broadcasting, greeting big-wigs of Army and business (see him above with Major General Phillipson and Thomas L. Watson). Producer Jack Warner, with Mrs. Warner and S. Charles Einfeld, right, attended. Among actors scoring in film are Lt. Ronald Reagan, George Murphy, Joan Leslie, and Alan Hale. A great show—see it!

I was an Absentee 3 days each month

Not that I wanted to be absent, but every month it was the same thing. And not just me, mind you—there are plenty other women in our plant who have to let down on their "problem days".



EVERY MINUTE COUNTS

A war-plant nurse reports that their *greatest* number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days"! Quite naturally, she asked the people who sell Kotex* sanitary napkins, who are specialists in this subject, to help find a solution.

And then I learned—



I found the answer—how to feel better by following a few simple do's and don'ts. They're all in this new booklet . . . facts on sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to make your sanitary pad give greater comfort!

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS

"That Day is Here Again" is the new booklet just off the press and free to all women—offered with the compliments of Kotex in the interest of helping workers and aiding the war effort. Send for *your* copy—today!

On the job every day now—



I'm taking a man's place and from now on I'm going to be a round-the-month worker! If you ask me, every woman worker will want this booklet—even your mother couldn't possibly know all the helpful hints it gives for "that" certain time!

TO WAR-PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS

We'll gladly send you (without charge) a quantity of the new booklet "That Day is Here Again" for distribution to your women workers. Please specify the number you require.

Available, too, is a new free manual "Every Minute Counts". It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes. Specify whether you also want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to:

Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS

For your free copy of "That Day is Here Again" just mail name and address to P.O. Box 3434, Dept. S-11, Chicago 54, Ill. We take pride that we are able to give you this authoritative information. And in these days when the nation is counting on woman-power, we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going *in comfort.*

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



Fans' Forum

DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN

The movie you saw last night didn't please you? Disappointed in your favorite star's performance? Don't let it get you down. Put it down on paper. Tell us all about it in your own words. We like controversial letters best—those which are sure to start an avalanche of letters taking opposite sides, but, remember, complimentary letters are *not* against the rules. Your letter may win a War Savings Stamp prize and help hurry your next War Bond purchase—and that's the way to put a rush on Victory. Prizes: First, $10.00; Second, $5.00; and five prizes of $1.00 each, payable in War Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to Fans' Forum, SCREELAND, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

I'm a crusader against flashbacks. It's the worst movie idea I've ever seen put into effect. I know that stories like "Saratoga Trunk" and "Rebecca" were written that way too and became best-sellers, but it takes a heap of a good story to overcome a horrible start like that.

There are countries where books are read backwards, but the stories run the same way. That is, page one is at the back of the book. Tell me, honestly, have you ever read the last chapter of a story first of your own free will? No, you don't unless the author forces you to do so. The answer is simple. The end of the story is the dessert and there is no fun in eating your dessert before dinner. So it is with me. When I find out in advance a picture is told in flashbacks, I avoid it like a plague.

Also, the movies are getting away from authenticity and realism and I, as an avid fan, rebel. For instance, in "Stormy Weather," young and beautiful Lena Horne had as her romantic interest, Bill Robinson. A more incongruous pair I have yet to see. Even the lack of young men cannot be blamed as Cab Calloway was right in the same film.

Cary Grant was superb in "Mr. Lucky," but even though he loves her like all get-out, wouldn't you think Babs would let him take off that wedding band long enough to lend a bit of realism to a picture he's making? After all, it's his job, you know. I wouldn't even care if they found a good way of covering it, if he's superstitious. There he was making love to darling Laraine Day and sporting a wedding band throughout. Tsk, tsk—consider Mrs. Grundy.

I feel better already. I've said my little say. Considering the number of pictures I

IRRESISTIBLE as always

WE DEDICATE TO THE MARINES...

IRRESISTIBLE Candy Stripe Red LIPSTICK



Irresistible salutes the new woman . . . fresh, vital, confident . . . with Candy Stripe Red . . . a clear, high-hearted red destined for beauty-duty in the service or on the home front. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer lasting . . . dependable source of beauty for today's woman power. Complete your make-up with Irresistible matching Rouge and Powder.

10c AT ALL 10c STORES

Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

see, it's time I had something to say about them. Believe me, I do not often find fault and consider movies the leading form of entertainment, but I like them so much I'd like to see a more perfect production.

JEANETTE ILLION, Irvington, N. J.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

He is as typically American as Joe Doakes and apple-pie, this tall, clean-cut young chap, with a face that is frankly Irish, sincere, lovable and not too pretty, thank heaven! For a good many years I have seen him on the screen, always nameless because the parts he played were not sufficiently important to warrant his name in the cast. But of one thing I was always certain: whatever the rôle, however brief his bit in a scene, that part would be played sincerely, intelligently, and with everything he had to give it. Some day, I told myself, that lad will have his chance. If producers aren't *too* blind, that boy will attain something very close to stardom.

Well, at long last, I know his name, and it takes no seventh son of a seventh son to predict that several million others will know it, too—and remember it! So pardon me, please, while I pat myself on the back with one hand and extend the other in congratulations to Warner Brothers and specifically to one John Ridgely, the unforgettable *Captain Quincannon* of "Air Force."

WILLIE MAE JACKSON, Nashville, Tenn.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

I'd like to add my word of praise for Deanna Durbin's splendid acting in "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday." Lots of actors will not compete with one child, much less a whole boatload. But Deanna's talents stood out, triumphant over "missionary" clothes, children's unconscious scene-stealing, and all sorts of competition.

I can see a new maturity in Deanna, added poise, a depth of character that heretofore did not exist. If marriage has accomplished that, it is indeed a wonderful institution. She has improved so much even since her last picture. Three years ago I would have said she could not play such a part as *Mrs. Holliday*. But today I can think of no actress who would have been as good in the part, certainly none better. As an admirer of Deanna since "Three Smart Girls," I'm proud to see her win new laurels independent of her silvery voice.

MRS. H. S. TRUITT, Norfolk, Va.

What America needs to take her mind off the gigantic problems facing her on all sides and inflicting not a little restlessness on all corners is a little relaxation with a good movie and an outstanding cast. Perhaps the fact is even more evident to me, a war worker, because I have found that there can be nothing more enjoyable and restful after nine or ten hours of taxing work than an appealing show, preferably comedy and preferably with William Bendix in the cast.

When I first saw him making his screen début in "The Glass Key," I knew right away I had found myself a hero. Oh, let critics call him "the big brute," and other such names, but as for me, once I had seen him in "China" and "Wake Island," I marked him as "a great actor"—not only as a comedian which he has proved himself over and over again, but also as a heart-endearing character who will never cease to be, at least for me, a source of profound and untold enjoyment.

JUNE QUIGLEY, South Orange, N. J.

(*Please turn to page 71*)

"This couldn't mean ME!"



Kay: Jeepers, Peg—who does that sign mean? It can't be me! *Or is it?* Bob *has* been making himself sort of scarce lately.
Peg: Look, Kay! I don't want your romance to come to grief—so I'll leap to the rescue. You bathe every morning, yes! But did you know that bath-freshness can vanish on the way to work? Well—it *can!*



Kay: You mean *I* am the office pest, Peg?
Peg: Kay, any girl can slip up on charm—and not know it. But here's an easy answer—every day, after every bath, use Mum.



I'll see Bob at the company dance tonight. Now, with my bath to take care of *past* perspiration and Mum for the *future,* I'll be nice to dance with all evening long!





Why let underarm odor hamper success? Guard charm—use Mum every day, after every bath!

It's quick—Takes only 30 seconds to use Mum!

It's safe—Mum won't irritate your skin, won't injure fabrics.

It's sure—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration—protects your charm.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentle, safe Mum is a dependable deodorant—ideal for this important purpose, too.*

Pretty Barbara Britton, appearing in Paramount's "So Proudly We Hail," concentrates on her eyes and lips.



HIGH SPOTS IN BEAUTY

Spotlights are always on sparkling eyes, dramatic lips and vibrant skin tones

By Josephine Felts





Beauty and life lie in eyes. Make yours as vivid and individual as Merle Oberon does. Make your lips expressive like Mary Martin's.

WHAT'S that certain something that makes one girl of just average looks seem so much lovelier than her more naturally pretty sister? There's really no mystery in this situation. The difference is the same as that which you discover in pictures artists paint. One painting which may have fine drawing, good color, and nice composition will leave you cold because it lacks appeal. Another with a subject not so perfect and with lines not so accurate, will lure you with its charm because it dramatizes certain features and highlights color in such a way that it will draw you back to gaze on it again and again.

The Hollywood make-up men are artists in their own right. And the impression that their stars give out must be like our second picture—arresting, intriguing and appealing. Make-up artists pick the facial spots that have the most dramatic possibilities and "light them up" so that they will shine on in your memory. Which spots have this interest? In most cases, the Eyes have it, the Lips have it, and the Complexion Color has it.

Movie actresses know that the light that lies in almost every girl's eyes can be enhanced and made vivid by good eye care and by clever tricks of make-up. We take it for granted that you wash the dust and grime from your eyes at least once every day and that you have your eyes examined by an eye doctor if they cause you any trouble. Starting—as we always seem to—on this fundamental basis of health and cleanliness, we can make our eyes what they should be—the most attractive and expressive of our features! The beautifying devices are many and the application of all of them is easy to learn.

A box—or tube—of Mascara, to accent and turn up the lashes; a jar of shadow to brighten or intensify eye color; a pencil to fill in skimpy brows and a tweezer to

(*Please turn to page 65*)

Your lovely, lustrous hair is sure
To make him fall for your allure!



No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!



THE SUIT is a winter favorite. It's warm and you can vary it with dickeys and blouses—and wear it under a topcoat all winter long! The smartest hair-dos are simple and practical—with their beauty more than ever dependent on the shining smoothness only Special Drene can give!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

"She's gorgeous—she has the loveliest hair!" That's the kind of thing men say about the girl who keeps her locks sparkling with highlights, gleaming with lustre!

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its shining beauty.

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed! And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Soap film dulls lustre-robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

•

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with *Hair Conditioner*



His lifelong friend from the day he arrives

In his diaper days he'll first appreciate its cool, antiseptic action to relieve chafing.

A few years later he'll learn about it when a little finger is cut or a little toe is skinned and Mother adds an additional kiss to "make it well".

Then, in his school days, he'll probably discover—and remember all through life—how useful Listerine Antiseptic often is in helping to halt a sore throat or head off a cold.

And, equally important, when he becomes "girl-conscious", he'll realize what a pal Listerine Antiseptic can be in keeping him in the good graces of his Lady Fair . . . how often it guards against offensive breath when non-systemic.

By the time he's twenty-one he'll be a lifelong member of a club that numbers millions . . . men and women who feel that home isn't quite home unless this safe antiseptic is handy to meet the countless little emergencies that so frequently arise. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in *some* size at your drug counter.

SIXTY YEARS IN SERVICE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to GARY COOPER

DEAR Gary:

Now please don't fall asleep halfway through this letter. Try to listen, will you? The reason I make this strange request is that I can't help remembering how you spread your lanky length over two chairs one evening after dinner at Claudette Colbert's house, when she had a private preview of a new film, and simply went to sleep. It wasn't a very good picture, so I didn't blame you. And I have heard since then that it is quite the usual thing for Cooper to snatch himself forty winks almost any time, any place, when he gets bored. But this time, Gary, please pay attention.

As just one of several million Cooper fans, I'm wondering if you know you have become a sort of symbol? You and Bing. Everybody wants to know all about you two. They ask me leading questions. What sort of fellows are you anyway? Fortunately I can tell them very honestly that you—Bing, too—are really pretty much the same guys you play on the screen—regular, easygoing, democratic—thoroughly American in other words. "Sergeant York" of course made you the very special hero of American youth. Some of those boys who are fighting so gallantly all over the world today remember you in that picture and catch some sparks of courage sent out by that rugged character. And now your *Robert Jordan* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls" is another American of courage and conviction, and he will be remembered too. Whether you like it or not you stand for something big, and important. It's no accident that you have been called upon to play American heroes. Lazy and casual you can be, but when it comes to a crisis Cooper is right in there. Knowing you a little I can imagine what it takes out of you to go around visiting the kids in camps and hospitals. You can't sing like Bing or crack wise like Hope. All you can offer is—Gary Cooper. It seems to be enough. So take a bow.

Delight Evans



The four greats of "For Whom The Bell Tolls" (lower left) have their picture taken together the last day of production: *Maria* Bergman, Director Sam Wood, *Pilar* Paxinou, *Roberto* Cooper. Each cherishes a copy as a souvenir of a memorable motion picture achievement.



Sweet 15!

Shirley Temple, greatest child star in entertainment history, returns to the screen after two years' absence in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away"





Great producer Selznick of "Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca" fame, has signed 15-year-old Shirley Temple to a seven-year contract. First film will be "Since You Went Away," from the story by Margaret Buell Wilder, with Claudette Colbert playing Shirley's mother. Other members of a spectacular cast include Joseph Cotten, Jennifer Jones, Bob Walker and Monty Woolley—stiff competition for the little Temple. At right, closeup with Ching-Ching, who played in pictures with Shirley when the star was 8 years old. Below, with Abby Langdon Wilder, original *Brig* in her mother's book, whom Shirley will play on screen.



DONALD O'CONNOR
AND
SUSANNA FOSTER

That O'Connor boy has a new screen sweetheart—Susanna Foster, who co-stars with him in "This Is The Life" for Universal.

Vision, and a Voice

Summing up the secret of Dick Powell's perennial fan appeal

By

Hattie Bilson



WHETHER you have seen Dick on the screen lately or gotten close enough for a Powell welcome, complete with broad grin, cheery hello and arm linked through yours, you must have noticed the amazing change from the Dick Powell of a year ago.

"What's happened to you, Dick?" you might inquire as I did. "You seem different. Your manner is easier, more relaxed. Even your voice—"

"That's how it all started," he says matter-of-factly. "With my voice. It is two full tones lower than it used to be."

You recall noticing a new quality in Dick's performances in "Happy Go Lucky" and "Star Spangled Rhythm" and it suddenly dawns upon you that there *was* a change in his voice. And yet you feel that you have found only half the answer.

Dick's lower lip shoots out reflectively—an old and engaging trait. "You see, producers thought of me only as a singing star. I went from one musical rôle to another until suddenly Hollywood stopped making musicals. It was the end of a trend and, in a way, I was happy about it. I always wanted to get away from straight singing parts and play more colorful characters. I figured that was the time to make the change."

"Sounds like a tall hurdle," you comment. "How did you clear it?"

"I had been studying some of my recordings and realized that my voice was pitched too high. I knew it would require months of training and practice to develop a lower voice, so I decided to take a vacation from the screen and settle down to months of hard work and no pay. Better sit down, it's a long story!"

You settle down comfortably beside him in the plush parlor chair of a Pullman coach, one of the sets in M-G-M's "Meet The People" in which Dick is playing the lead. The scene he is making takes place in the railroad depot of a small town where Dick is employed as a shipyard worker. Most of the townspeople, including Spike Jones and his Band, are on hand to give him a rousing sendoff to New York. (*Please turn to page 60*)

Dick Powell's latest films for Paramount: "True to Life," with Victor Moore and Mary Martin; "Riding High," with Dorothy Lamour (center).





Dick and his wife, Joan Blondell, both spend most of their spare time between pictures touring Army camps and visiting hospitals.



JOAN FONTAINE, UNDER CONTRACT TO DAVID O. SELZNICK, SOON TO APPEAR IN TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION, "JANE EYRE"



How YOU can have her American Beauty Skin-Tone



Joan Fontaine advises—

"If your skin is like mine—neither blonde-fair nor brunette-dark, then be careful to choose face powder that gives a fresh, warm glow. Otherwise your skin may look *dull.*" Wear *Woodbury Windsor Rose.* This lovely shade of Woodbury Powder is expertly blended to give your skin the exciting, luscious, alive American Beauty look.



Who wouldn't love you?

Big moments for you when you wear your Woodbury shade! Hollywood film directors helped select them —that's why Woodbury shades are so glamorizing. They're made by the Color Control process—that's why they give that clearer, younger, *so-smooth* look. Get your shade *today.* Boxes, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Make Dreams come True

Wear Your Woodbury Shade

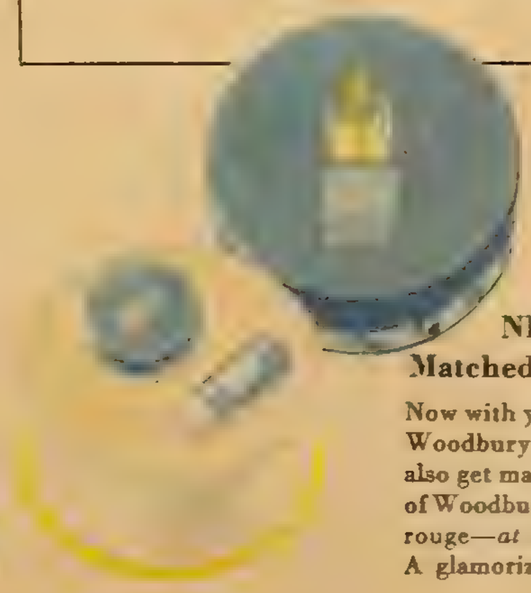
Joan Fontaine's shade, *Windsor Rose*—gives an American Beauty skin-tone.

Hedy Lamarr's shade, new *Rachel*—gives a stunning Ivory skin-tone.

Veronica Lake's shade, new *Natural*—gives an exquisite Cameo skin-tone.

Lana Turner's shade, new *Champagne Rachel*—gives a dazzling Honey skin-tone.

Dorothy Lamour's shade, *Brunette*—gives a luscious Tropic skin-tone.



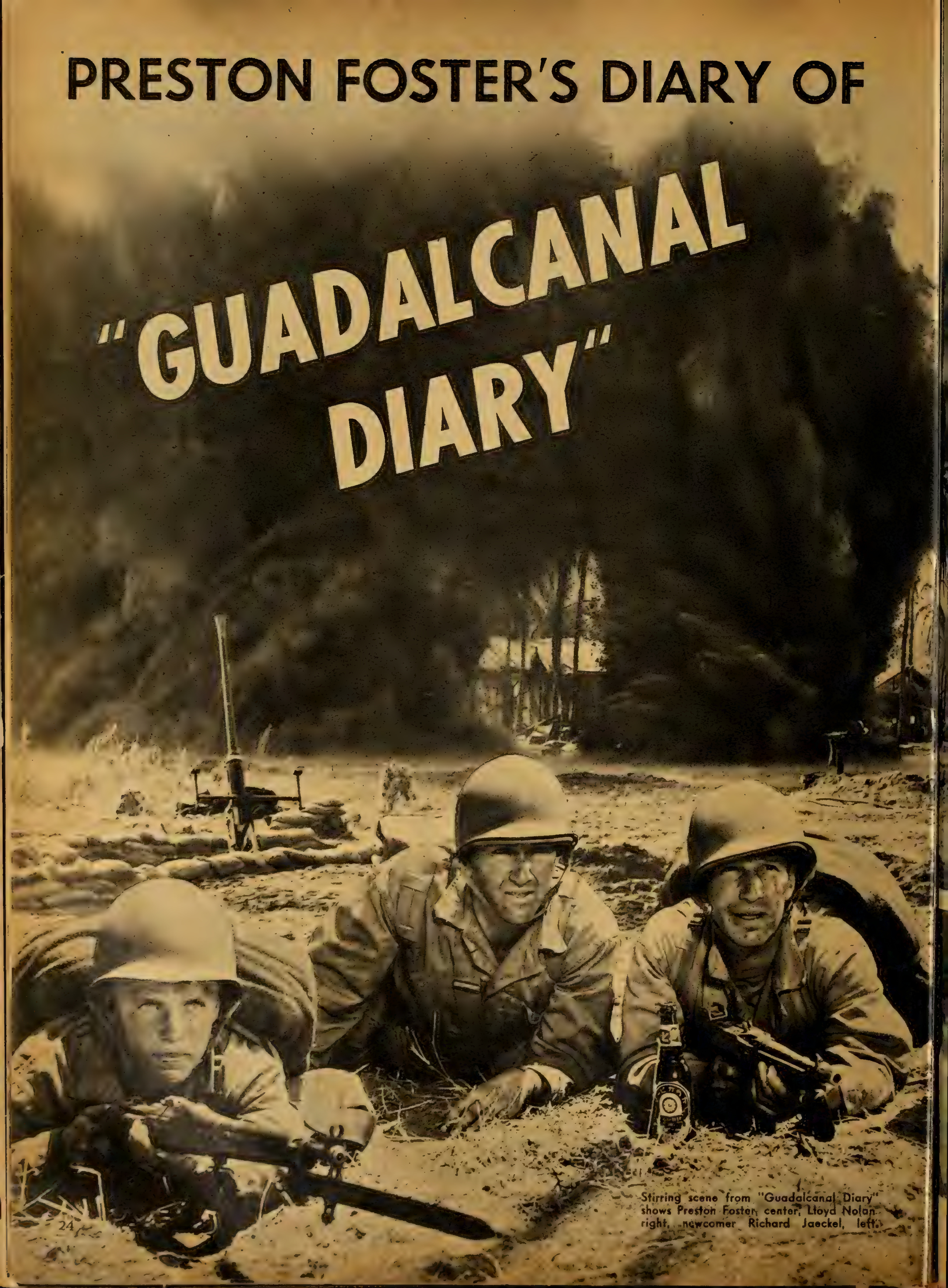
NEW!
Matched Make-up

Now with your $1 box of Woodbury Powder you also get matching shades of Woodbury lipstick and rouge—*at no extra cost!* A glamorizing set—$1.

WOODBURY Color Control POWDER

PRESTON FOSTER'S DIARY OF

"GUADALCANAL DIARY"



Stirring scene from "Guadalcanal Diary" shows Preston Foster, center, Lloyd Nolan, right, newcomer Richard Jaeckel, left.

"Guadalcanal Diary" is one of the most significant pictures ever made in Hollywood. To give our readers an inside view of a great film in the making, Preston Foster has granted us exclusive permission to print his diary

May 3: I got a surprise today! I was chosen to play *Father Donnelly*, a priest, in 20th Century-Fox's "Guadalcanal Diary." This was amazing news because I not only had never played such a rôle in all my career, but also because I had just finished playing the criminal, *Roger Touhy*, in the film of the same name. At first I was a bit leery of the new assignment. But I've read the script and think this is a great opportunity for me. My part isn't big—none of the parts are—but it is the picture that's important. That's why I'm glad for the chance to be in it. Incidentally, this is *the first motion picture to record an American victory in this war!*

Few days later: This is just about the first diary I've ever written—and I keep forgetting it. "True" (Preston's wife, Gertrude) thought I should keep one on the picture for the future, so will try to remember it each evening. I've spent the last few days tending to details on my ranch before leaving for location. I have 406 acres and with the live stock, crops, and all, it's not easy to pick up and leave. "True" and Stephanie (Preston's small daughter) assure me they can manage. And I have a good foreman.

(*Please turn to page 72*)



Lloyd Nolan gets an autograph from Major R. E. Galer, who holds the Congressional Medal of Honor and has 13 Jap planes to his credit.





Above, Foster, Nolan, Bill Bendix share scene with real U. S. Marines. Below, Jaeckel and Bendix re-enact great scene: raising Stars and Stripes over Henderson Field.







Left above: Foster meets Commander Gonzales and Captain Loyer. Right above: Lt. James Hurlbut of the U. S. Marines, who was at Guadalcanal (he was then a sergeant) as the first U. S. Marine combat correspondent to see real action, goes over script with 16-year old Richard Jaeckel, new "find."

LYNN BARI'S 8 POINTS FOR A BACHELOR GIRL

1. Learn to live alone and like it.
2. Make a budget and stick to it.
3. Keep your troubles at home and don't burden others with them.
4. Return social obligations cheerfully and gracefully.
5. Look well at all times.
6. Make men real friends, not just sweethearts.
7. Lead a full and productive life that will bring you ultimately to marriage with the right man.
8. Be above reproach in your manner of living.



Lovely Lynn Bari breaks down and gives her "blueprint for life" for publication. Good advice for other girls to follow—and stimulating reading for their men friends!

8 POINTS FOR A



YOU never can tell about people—and how true this is of those beautiful young things in Hollywood who go under the general heading of "Glamor Girls." Certainly they belie that old wheez which states so succinctly that "beauty and brains do not go together." And as like as not your first casual impression of any film cutie would be knocked cockeyed if you had the chance to spend a neighborly evening with her.

I pondered this bit of random philosophizing recently after a mutual friend had taken me by Lynn Bari's Westwood home for a visit. "This," I concluded, "just goes to show how wrong most people are about a pretty face." And I'm here to tell you that from that evening on I have been a Bari fan.

Lynn has one of those "What's the sense of being stuffy?" personalities. You get the first inkling of this the moment you enter her unpretentious little home. And you're darn sure of it as you walk down the high front steps after telling her goodbye.

The other important thing about this Bari girl is that merely being a success isn't everything to her—as it is with





Star of 20th Century-Fox's "Tampico" turns practical. Exclusive pictures show Lynn Bari struggling with the facts of life in wartime. Home entertaining is just one of the problems of a Hollywood bachelor girl. She's furnishing her nest as priorities permit.





By
Barry
Farrar

BACHELOR GIRL

so many of her cinema sisters. Lynn has what might be described as a second career, that of living. And I mean she has it down to a science. Early during our evening there she alluded to her "Eight Points for a Bachelor Girl," and by the time I had dragged them all out of her it occurred to me that here was a design for living that might be used profitably by any Miss from Boston to Bakersfield.

"I never have pretended to be a mental heavyweight," said Lynn after we had juggled around a few ideas and had hit upon her plan of living, "but you don't have to be a Ph.D. to conclude that you need a good blueprint if you want things to pan out right in the end. And that's all my "Eight Points for a Bachelor Girl" amount to—a blueprint for life.

"As I see it, the modern bachelor girl is comparatively a new product of the human order. She has established her identity so rapidly and thoroughly, and she comes in such variety, that she is in many respects a law unto herself. And that's just the point I want to establish first. Her individual code is good only so far as it gives her answers to problems relating to society as a whole." (*Please turn to page 78*)







A little home cooking and mending between pictures, and Lynn likes it—above picture is not to be taken too seriously. It's only that Bari the Beautiful doesn't want you fans to think she's getting stuffy, just because she gave in and told our reporter about her 8-point code for a bachelor lady.

Lithe Lady



Salute to a svelte charmer—Lucille Ball, bright shining star of "Best Foot Forward"

It takes a tall, slim girl like Lucille to carry off costumes like these, designed for Miss Ball by M-G-M's famous Irene. Below, three shades of bright turquoise are used for this smart wool suit. The slim skirt and jacket peplum are the darker tone, sleeves and shoulder line the lightest. Gloves and suede bag match skirt shade while the hat, a pancake of tulle layers, and the ruffle-edged blouse are of the lightest shade.

Some of the most glamorous fashion creations of her screen career are worn by Miss Ball in "Best Foot Forward," and modeled for you here. Pink gold is the shade of the harem-trousered pajama suit at left. The flattering tunic is all-over embroidered and sparkles with multi-colored sequins. Below, a double-skirted gown of white cotton net with jersey bodice. Flowers at shoulder and on skirt are rhinestone-sprinkled magnolias.





Loveliness that Rivals Natural Curly Hair!



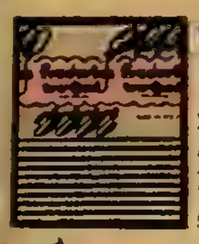
Cheryl Walker
in Sol Lesser's Motion Picture
"Stage Door Canteen"

Do you want your hair to look as if it grew naturally curly . . . with deep soft waves and natural looking curls that shimmer with lustre? Then insist upon a genuine Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent.

This wonderful new permanent will bring out all the natural loveliness of your hair—capture its dreamy radiance—transform your straight hair into deep, beautiful, natural-looking waves and silky soft curls.

There is no possibility of kinks or frizzes, when you have a Tru-Curl wave because this famous Frederics permanent contains NO harsh, beauty-stealing metallic salts, which cause these conditions.

And while you are getting this natural-looking permanent there are no disagreeable chemical odors—no painful pulling or stretching of the hair. You'll actually enjoy getting this most natural of all permanent waves.



WARNING:

Avoid imitations, dangerous to your hair structure. Insist that your permanent waver opens the sealed individual Tru-Curl package before your eyes. See that only genuine Tru-Curl wrappers and lotion are used on your hair.

Always look for these wrappers

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permanent waves

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Send me a list of Frederics Franchise Salons in my community where the famous Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent is given by experts. Also send me your new FREE BOOKLET—"What you should know about your Permanent Wave."

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"No woman in her right mind would pass Sonny Tufts by unnoticed," says Paulette Goddard. "Yum, yum!" See Sonny in "So Proudly We Hail," read all about him here, and you'll admit Paulette knows how to pick 'em

By

John R. Franchey



Golden Boy

THE way Sonny Tufts got into pictures is the way they get into pictures only in pictures. Consequently nobody is going to blame you for refusing to believe that it actually happened to Sonny Tufts in the manner about to be described—least of all Sonny Tufts. He still doesn't believe it after almost a year, which is how come he calls up his agent every Thursday and inquires: "Did you get it, Bub? Did you get it?"

"Get what?" the tenpercenter invariably wants to know.

"The salary check, of course. What else?"

"Yes, Sonny, I got it," the agent sighs wearily. "Anything else on your mind?"

"That's all I wanted to know, Bub. That's all I wanted to know." And he rings off, after whistling a few bars of a chantey from a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, the one that goes:

"I polished up the handle so care-ful-ee
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Na-vee."

But to get back to Sonny Tufts and his début in pictures, it won't happen again in a million years. All that the big blond galoot had to do was to prance into a studio, shake hands with the casting director, and recite the following inspired words: "I'd like to get into the movies."

Whereupon, did they pitch him out on his ear or clap him in a psychiatric ward? They did not. Instead, they handed the guy the part of *Kansas* in "So Proudly We Hail," a strictly run-away-with-the-picture part which he executed with such charm and dash as to catapult himself into the laps of the union's 29,000,000 adult females who, judging from their response, have been awaiting his arrival an awfully long time. Among which 29,000,000 females is Paulette Goddard, who describes the Tufts as follows: "No woman in her right mind would pass Sonny Tufts by unnoticed. In fact, none do. Not even Goddard. This Citizen Tufts is going places—and fast—or I'm no picker of star talent."

"Picker of star talent" is no idle boast on Miss Goddard's part. That Sonny Tufts played *Kansas* in the "So Proudly" saga is as much Goddard's doing as any body's. Originally there were to be three leading men in the film, one each for Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, and of course, Goddard. The three, including George Reeves, the freshly-hired Sonny Tufts for whom as yet there were no definite plans, and a half dozen other new faces whose names you never heard of were paraded before the ladies in question, pretty much in the manner of models at a fashion show. When it came Tufts' turn to do a pirouette or two, Goddard let out a shriek. "That's *Kansas!*" she yelled. "Yum, yum!"

Director Mark Sandrich, naturally, asked questions, learned that Tufts had never appeared in so much as a movie short, and held parley with Goddard.

"It's an awfully important part, Paulette," Mr. Sandrich said, shaking his head dubiously.

"He's an awfully important guy from a feminine point of view," Goddard came back. "That golden boy's got vitamins."

The two talked it over and decided on a compromise. Tufts would get the part, provided he looked good in a test.

"It'll take a little scurrying around to find someone good to throw lines at him," Sandrich said.

"I'll throw lines at him myself," Paulette said. "And it will be a pleasure."

The test bowled everybody over—including Goddard. People on the set blinked, rubbed their eyes. Five minutes after the camera had started grinding, a neophyte who had never faced a camera in his life was behaving like a veteran. A half hour later this same neophyte had the picture crew cheering for him. He was making them laugh at will. Before 150 feet had been shot, the results were plain. Sonny Tufts was in.

The verdict was confirmed (*Please turn to page 62*)



Paulette said, "That's *Kansas*!" when she saw Sonny Tufts' screen test, and she was right. The big blond boy is a hit opposite Paulette in "So Proudly We Hail." Next you'll see him opposite Olivia de Havilland (far right) in RKO's "Government Girl."

Joan Fontaine



Joan "Academy Award Winner" Fontaine goes on to greater glory in "Jane Eyre," co-starring with Orson Welles for 20th Century-Fox Films.

IT'S SCREWY...AND SO FUNNY!
IT'S RIOTOUS...AND ROMANTIC!



An hilarious heart-to-heart encounter . . . between a girl who wouldn't give in to love and a guy who wouldn't give in to marriage!

FRANK ROSS
presents

Jean **ARTHUR** · *John* **WAYNE**

"THE MORE THE MERRIER" GIRL IN MORE MERRY MIX-UPS!



"A Lady Takes a Chance"

with

Charles WINNINGER · **Phil SILVERS**

Produced by FRANK ROSS • Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • Original Story by Jo Swerling

RKO RADIO PICTURES





Beautiful Brenda Joyce (wife of Lieut. Owen Ward) finds a way to buck duration predicaments. Above, Brenda's latest film rôle, with Richard Fraser in Republic's "Thumbs Up."

Annabella, wife of Tyrone Power, keeps busy these wartime days while her heart is with her handsome husband, who is now a 2nd Lieut. in the Marine Corps. "Ty" ranked 17th in his class at Quantico.

By May Mann

Don't call 'em Glamor Girls! They're no longer pampered darlings—the war has changed them, and for the better

IT WAS the Midnight to San Francisco —and forty minutes out of Los Angeles. The chair car's faded red plush seats with high stiff backs apologetically showed it had been pressed back into service for war emergency.

Passengers struggled to settle themselves for the night with some approach to comfort. A Pullman porter came through renting pillows for a dime. A baby cried. A woman with large diamond rings repeatedly exclaimed, "I've never sat up all night on a train before. I don't know how I can stand it!" The man behind her snored obliviously. A little boy ran back and forth with paper cups of water, spilling them on the way from the water-cooler. A quartet of young girls giggled over gin rummy. Several passengers munched apples and peanuts from the candy butcher.

A girl with a swirled-up coiffure, six seats ahead, suddenly rose. Slipping off her mink coat, she folded it carefully over a shivering three-year-old, stretched out on a seat trying to sleep.

"She looks like Brenda Joyce, the movie star," said the lady in the seat ahead of me. "But it couldn't be. Imagine a movie star sitting up on a train like this all night!" She laughed at the thought of a glamor girl being transported in such an unglamorous setting. She took another look. "Why, it must be Brenda Joyce!" she exclaimed. "I know it's her. What can *she* be doing on this train?" She nudged her husband.

"Probably same as us," muttered her more practical mate. "Couldn't get a reservation on a (*Please turn to page 80*)



Ann Sothern, M-G-M's "Maisie," became the bride of Bob Sterling on May 23. Honeymoon postponed: Bob had to report back to Thunderbird Field #2 in Phoenix, Arizona, to complete his primary course in flying; Ann had to report for work in "Cry Havoc."

THEY'RE NO SOFTIES!

"for a skin that's T.N.T.—try my *W.B.N.C."



PAULETTE GODDARD, CO-STARRING IN "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Says Paulette Goddard:

"Nothing shatters a man's defenses like a super-smooth complexion. No wonder so many of us in Hollywood trust all to our W.B.N.C. That's film-star fast talk for . . .

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

Tonight, try Paulette's W.B.N.C. First, cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Then, smooth on more cream. Pat gently—tissue off again. Let a trace remain on your skin all night. Your complexion is left exquisitely *softer and smoother;* tiny dry-skin lines are less apparent —thanks to 4 special softening, smoothing ingredients. There is also an ingredient that acts constantly to purify the cream in the jar, helping protect against germs from dust—germs which might cause blemishes. No other cream at any price has this fifth ingredient!

Tonight, and every night, take the W.B.N.C. with Woodbury Cold Cream. Every morning, see your lovelier look! . . . and see men pay attention.

Over 1000 women tested Woodbury Cold Cream against highest priced creams. *The majority of the women definitely preferred Woodbury* . . . Jars from $1.25 to 10¢.

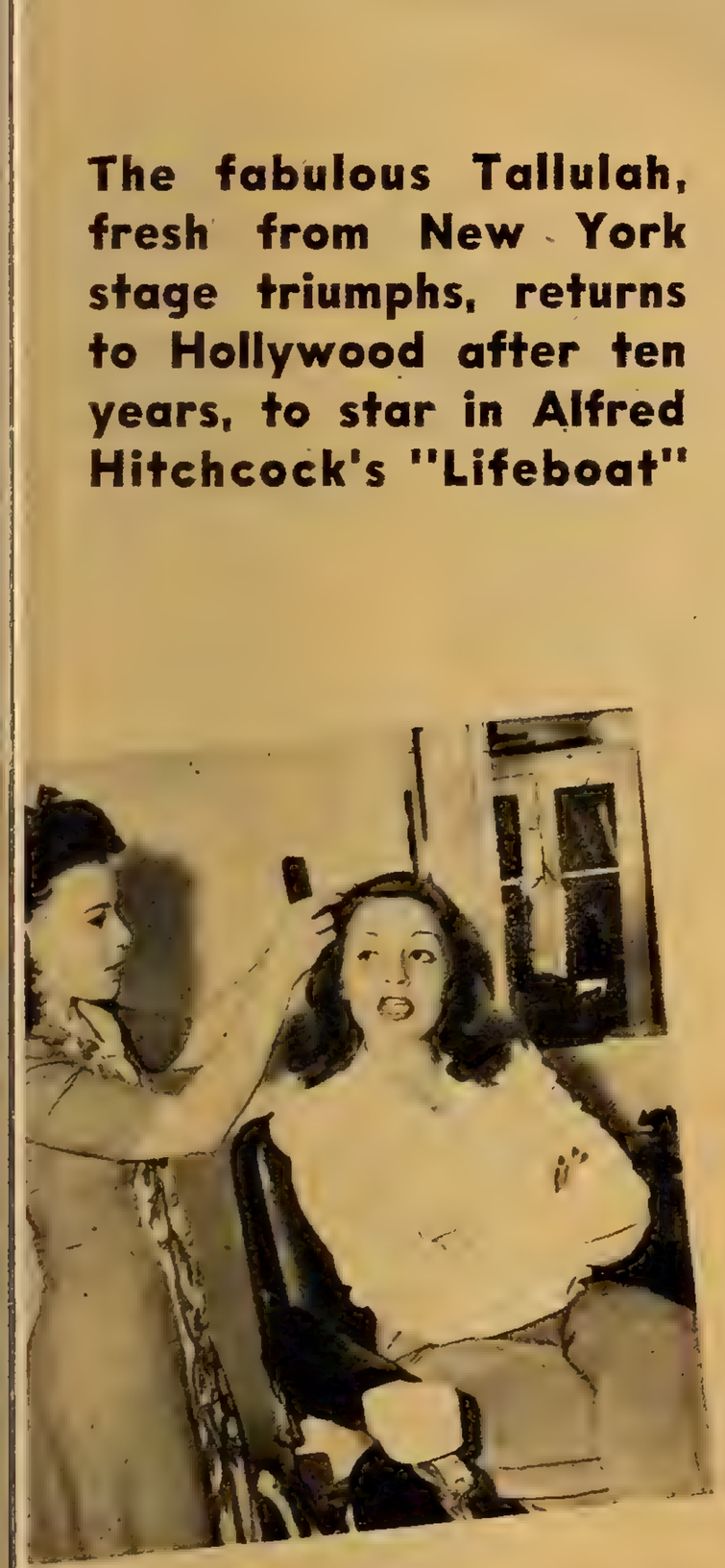


WOODBURY
COLD CREAM

the complete beauty cream

Bankhead COMES BACK!

The fabulous Tallulah, fresh from New York stage triumphs, returns to Hollywood after ten years, to star in Alfred Hitchcock's "Lifeboat"







Tallulah Bankhead, who is making her comeback in "Lifeboat," Alfred Hitchcock's new film for 20th Century-Fox, is pictured here getting her daily exercise —walking across studio lot; with hairdresser Ray Forman, left; looking over her tests with test director Jerry Webb; listening to advice of sound man Bernard Fredricks; greeting her friend, Don Dorks, SK 1/c, on leave from the Southwest Pacific; and, below, Tallu with John Hodiak and Henry Hull in "Lifeboat."





HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN CELEBRATES

By Maude Cheatham



ANNIVERSARIES are always exciting. Now the Hollywood Canteen is celebrating the opening of its doors to servicemen just one year ago on October 3rd, 1942. Already this happy meeting ground has become famous the world over for its friendliness, its democracy, its surplus entertainment for Uncle Sam's boys. For three hundred and sixty-five nights the celebrated stars of screen, radio and stage have met and talked and danced with the soldiers, sailors and marines who crowd into the cheerful Canteen. There's music, gaiety, food, and stage shows, put on by the foremost artists in the amusement field, to brighten the monotony of soldiering. Dancing with the stars form luminous pages in the boys' experiences that will never be forgotten.

The whole project is inspiring, born of imagination and thriving on unfailing enthusiasm. It was Bette Davis and John Garfield who began wishing that Hollywood had a Canteen as successful as the Stagedoor Canteen off Broadway. The more they thought about it the more feasible such a plan became and in no time at all, they discovered an enthusiasm equal to their own in virtually every guild, craft and union affiliated with the entertainment world. Unanimously, they decided to unite in one big effort to bring this dream to reality.

As the idea gained momentum, Columbia Studio dedicated the opening of its film hit, "The Talk of the Town," to the Canteen. The affair, held at Ciro's swanky night club, turned into one of the biggest movie events of the season, and gave the project the first funds for its treasury.

In an amazingly short time a lease was taken on a former night club in the heart of Hollywood, committees were formed, materials donated, and hundreds of skilled volunteers from the studios were on hand to remodel and equip the building. Completed, it represents more than a value of $15,000, at an actual expenditure of only $200. A famous star paid this. Man-power, materials and money continue to pour in to keep the wheels moving. Over fifty percent of the food and supplies is donated by leading Los Angeles concerns, and the balance is purchased with ration points to assure as much food as is required. Some 6000 (*Please turn to page* 83)

Hollywood Canteen closeups: Right, Dottie Lamour surrounded by admirers; below, Joan Leslie and Hedy Lamarr autographing.





Just one year old—and already a whopping hit with the service men and a credit to stars who started it



Linda Darnell entertains, above; Red Skelton wows his audience, left; and, far left, John Garfield, Carroll Hollister, Bette Davis, and Jean Lewin—four of the hardest workers in a great and worthy cause.

Walter Pidgeon

The popular Mr. Pidgeon, caught in casual mood just after completing his new film for M-G-M: "Madame Curie," in which he appears opposite Greer Garson.

Life with a MOVIE LOVELY

When a girl is as pretty as Dolores Moran, her day is just one publicity pose after another. Who's complaining?



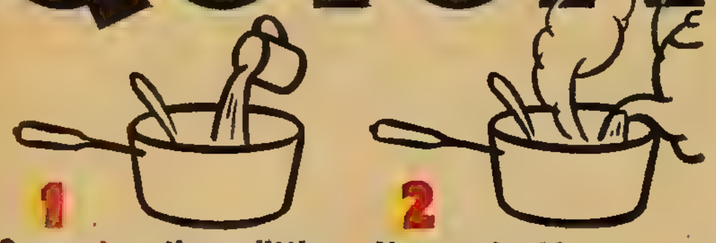




Dolores helps WPB drive for bottles by collecting empties on Warner lot, aided by Dennis Morgan; poses showing non-rationed sabots to Ingrid Bergman; and then—anti-climax department—goes to studio school and does her lessons.



QUICK



1 Cream together a little cool water and a little Quick Elastic Powder.

2 Now, stir this creamy mixture as you pour boiling water into it.

COOKED STARCH

Wonderful for ironing



Hot Flash of Boiling Water Cooks It Completely. Gives You Nice, Clear, Cooked Starch in 30 Seconds

Test this wonderful invention today and see for yourself—you can do things with it you could never do with starch. 1. Make cooked starch *without* cooking it on the stove. Mix up a little Quick Elastic and cool water. Now, bring it to the hot point—*cook it*—by adding boiling water. 2. Iron cottons, curtains, dresses, shirts—without sticking or pulling. 3. Give all the things you iron a lovely, sweet-smelling, elastic body and finish.



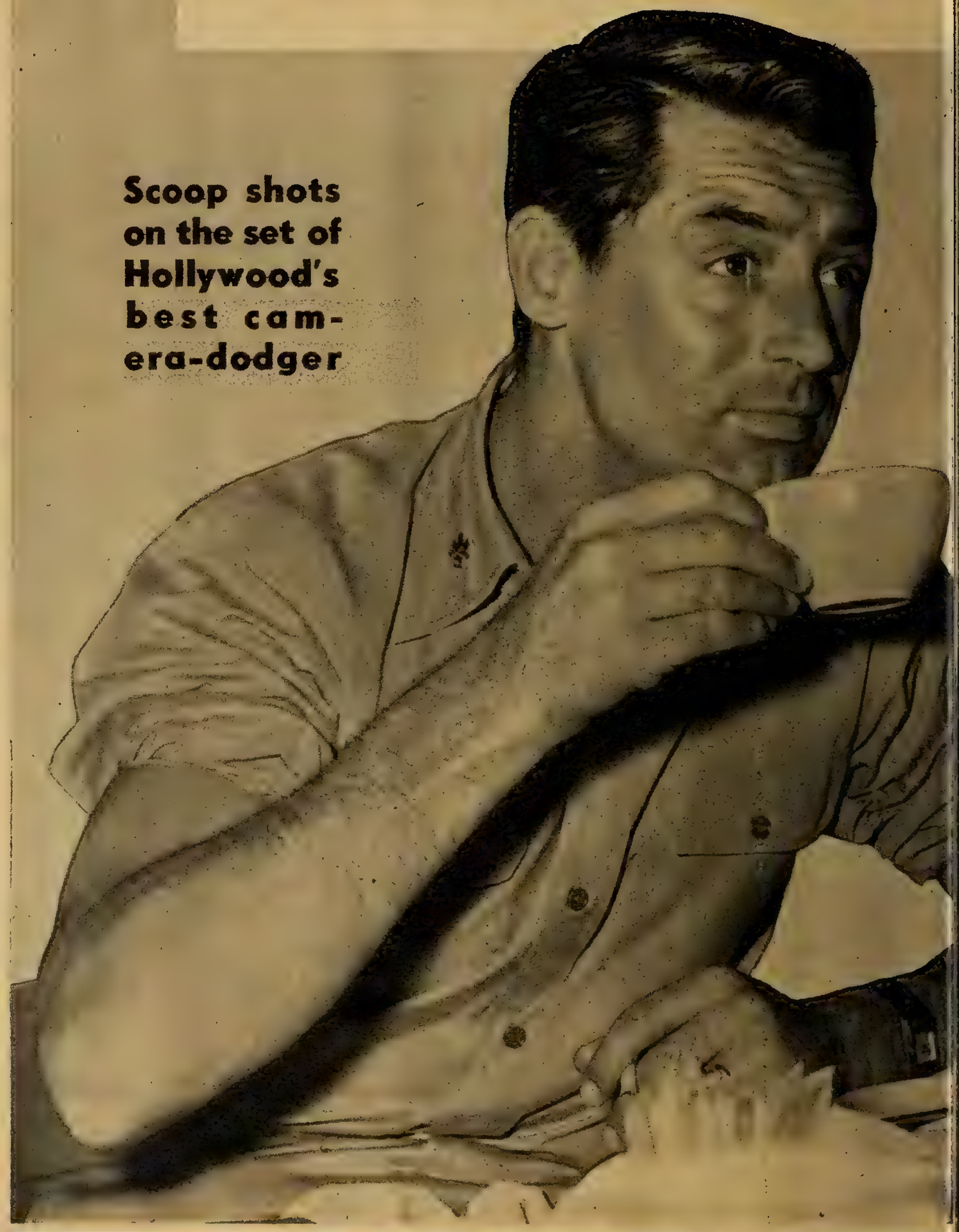
Note the difference in Quick Elastic the moment you open that buttercup yellow box. *It's powder.* No lumps to boil down. No waste. Gliders already in it give you smooth ironing. Thousands are changing to this dandy powder. Join them. Learn the pleasure of starching and ironing the Quick Elastic way.

SMO-O-OTH*

* That word is used time and again by women who write us.

☆ Catching Up

Scoop shots on the set of Hollywood's best cam-era-dodger





with Cary

It isn't that Cary Grant hates publicity, he's just too busy to bother. Most wanted actor in movies, he chases from picture to picture and when he's not working he insists on a strictly private life with his wife, the former Babs Hutton. At Warners making "Destination Tokyo," Cary unbent when he met his old friend, Sgt. Earl Oxford, of "This Is The Army" troupe (right).

Cary likes his latest part, that of skipper of a sub-chaser in "Destination Tokyo," because it calls for rugged action, which he prefers to romantic rôles. John Garfield, with Grant, below, plays a member of the crew. John Ridgely, remembered from "Air Force," is seen in scene at bottom of the facing page. Humphrey Bogart drops in from adjoining set to greet Grant (lower right).





Susan's latest rôle is in "Song of Russia," Bob Taylor's final picture for the duration (right). Susan's private life is pictured below: in her Santa Monica home, and with her best beau Richard Quine.



Deadline Darling

AN eighteen-year-old girl named Suzanne Carnahan was walking across the campus of Hollywood High School a few days before her graduation in June of three years ago. Some five feet four inches tall, 104 pounds slender, with gray eyes, tan hair, an unremarkable nose and a wide, "one-sided" mouth, there was nothing in her appearance to catch the eye. Except, perhaps, a purposeful walk, an alert tilt of the head and the fact that in the midst of titivated, high-heeled, lipsticked boy-surrounded misses she wore bobby socks, a sweater and skirt, no make-up—and she walked alone. Intending to be a doctor, young Miss Carnahan's mind was, indeed, on her biology and chemistry exams just completed, and on her plans for entering 'pre-med' school in the Fall. At that moment a prankish Destiny in the pedestrian form of a talent scout from the Sol Lesser studios saw a star in the unsuspecting Miss Carnahan.

Ever since Lana Turner stepped out of Hollywood High to stardom, movie scouts have been browsing about the campus hoping that lightning would strike twice in the same place. But just what the scout thought average-looking Miss C. had in common with Lana, whose lavish charms none but the blind could miss, is something only he could say. And did. He said Miss C. looked like the "typical American girl" and that he liked the way she walked, as if she knew where she was going and intended to get there. He said that the words, "Destination, Stardom," went through his mind. So, approaching her, he asked her how she would like to test for a part in a Bobby Breen picture.

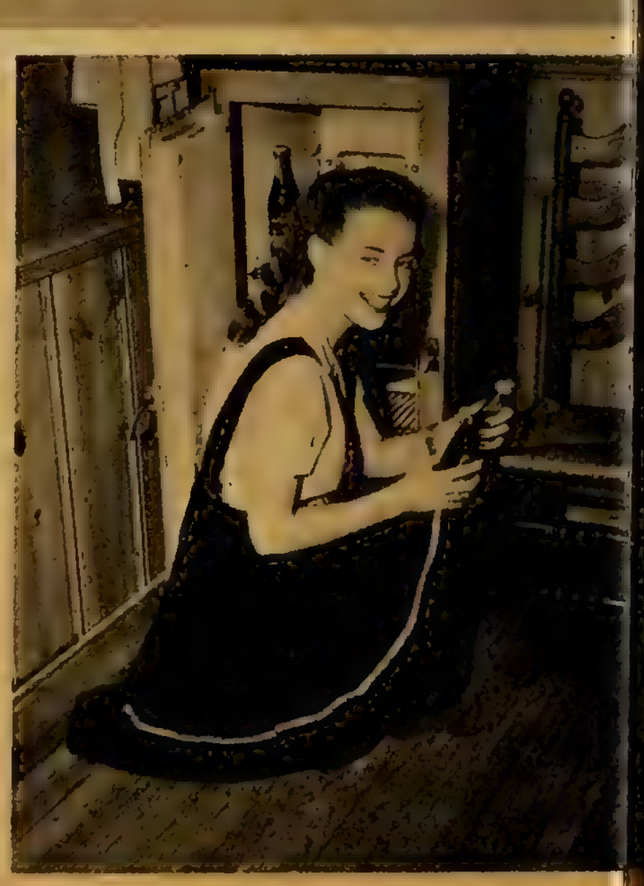
Miss Carnahan was astounded, amused, revolted, apprehensive and intrigued, in the order given.

She was astounded because she had never thought of being an actress. "Never *once.*"

She was amused because: "At the beginning of our senior year, we were asked to write down five things we wanted to be. All the girls put down 'Actress.' I didn't. I wanted to be a doctor. Besides, there were so many beautiful and talented girls in the class. I would have been embarrassed. I felt that beauty plays a great part in the picture business and goodness knows I am not a beauty —anything *but!* Nor had I any reason to suppose I was talented. I took dramatics in high school but only because I had signed up for five solids, four of them heavy, wanted one snap course, took (*Please turn to page 86*)







Susan Peters set herself a daring 3-year deadline: stardom or nothing! She made it

By Gladys Hall



"I AM *Grateful* TO BE IN FREE AMERICA," *Says*

Katina Paxinou

to

Elizabeth Wilson







IT WAS inevitable that Hemingway's *Pilar* and Greece's Paxinou should get together. They were made for each other. Like body and soul. Hemingway has admitted that when he wrote "For Whom The Bell Tolls," he modeled the character of *Robert Jordan* after his pal, Gary Cooper—Coop and the author having been close friends since the ex-Montana cowboy starred in his "Farewell to Arms" some ten years previously. And when he lunched with Ingrid Bergman in San Francisco, Hemingway (after he had recovered from the shock of seeing a cinema star with her face peeling) inscribed in a copy of his book, "To Ingrid Bergman—the *Maria* of my story." Hemingway did not bother himself with the casting of *Pilar*. If he had met Katina Paxinou at somebody's party he would have seen a slender,

"After Europe, America is like the 'All Clear' signal that follows a long, harassing night of ceaseless nerve-wracking bombing," says Katina Paxinou, the new Hollywood sensation who loves America as intensely as she hates Nazis

Left, Katina Paxinou as *Pilar* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls," her first screen rôle in which she scored a tremendous success. It hardly seems possible that the immaculately groomed beauty on the facing page, who was the first lady of the Greek stage before coming to Hollywood, could have played *Pablo's* robust wife.

Below, Paxinou, wearing her makeup, dines with Ingrid Bergman, star of the picture, and Akim Tamiroff, who plays *Pablo,* after a day of location work on "The Bell." Opposite page, Katina playing cards with Luise Rainer, who is returning to films in "Hostages," Paxinou's second movie; and with Arturo de Cordova in a scene from "Hostages."

quiet woman, not more than five feet four, completely unlike the dynamic, lusty *Pilar* of his story— "a woman of about fifty as big as *Pablo,* almost as wide as she was tall . . . and a brown face like a model for a granite monument—" He probably would have looked at Madame Paxinou and said, *"Pilar?* Hollywood's crazy."

But when the fireworks have died down, when the shouting's over, when you have recovered from a three hour sit, one thing in the "Bell" stands out in your mind. *Pilar.* It is *Pilar* with her wallowing walk, her pleasantly ugly face, her loud vulgar laughter, and her tongue that "bites like a bull whip" who has dominated the picture. And stolen every scene she's in. There are dozens of actors and actresses in (*Please turn to page 66*)



WHY ALICE FAYE Can't RETIRE!

Alice Faye meant it when she said she would retire after "Hello, Frisco, Hello." But amazing public response to that film made her change her mind. So now it's "just one more picture"—this time, "The Gang's All Here." We hope it's always one more picture for Alice





Alice Faye looks happy enough here, clowning with Benny Goodman. Yet she has a genuine inferiority complex about her work, doesn't think she would be missed if she quit the screen. Her studio and fans know better.

When Alice announced that she was retiring after "Hello, Frisco, Hello," everybody believed her. Unlike most movie stars, she means what she says. It was the success of "Frisco" that altered her decision. Now "The Gang's All Here," her new picture with Goodman, Phil Baker, and Carmen Miranda looks like another hit. Alice CAN'T retire!





Main reason Alice wants to retire is her devotion to her husband, Phil Harris, and their adorable baby. Alice believes she is losing a mother's greatest happiness—taking care of her own baby. But her studio, 20th Century-Fox, and her fans have about persuaded her to stick to making motion pictures rather than retire at the height of her fame.



Charles Drake, in "Conflict."



Bob Alda, in "Rhapsody in Blue."



Arturo de Cordova, in "Hostages."



George Reeves, in "So Proudly We Hail."

MEET SOME NEW MEN!



Jess Barker, in "Sahara."



Dick Crane, in "Happy Land."

Hollywood scouts once concentrated on search for feminine beauty. But now it's masculine talent they're after. Herearesome recent finds



James Engler.





Rita Hayworth and Liberty Magazine's Cover Girl, gorgeous red-head Karen X. Gaylord, huddle over their ration books.

Rita Greets

THE COVER GIRLS











As the star of "Cover Girls," Rita proved herself a gracious greeter to the group of beautiful magazine models who are featured in the picture. Left above, with Anita Colby, pretty "chaperone" of the group. Right above, with real-life cover girl Martha Outlaw, who plays herself in the film. In other photos Rita has her palm read by Dicki, shares a picture break with B. J. Graham, below, poses for camera fiend Susann Shaw, and measures height with Eileen McClory.

Hollywood's Hayworth meets the lovely models selected by leading magazines —look for them in Columbia's Technicolor production, "Cover Girls"

Marsha Hunt's smart three-piece costume of beige wool with rows of white stitching features a short topcoat, cut and detailed exactly like the suit's jacket. The slim skirt has slight front fullness. Closeup, below, shows Marsha's crescent-shaped hat made of the suit material.

Marsha Hunt's serene loveliness calls for clothes of discreet charm. Young star of "Little Miss Magic" poses in a variety of wearable costume



Fashions for A Charming Conservative

The classic black dress worn by Miss Hunt, left, is fashioned of dull crepe and features the new low, unbelted waistline with softly draped wrap-around skirt tying at the side. Looped self cording edges the neckline and wrists of the dolman sleeves. Right, this black taffeta hostess gown is cut on slim bias lines and has a soft, petal-effect neckline and cuffs of white faille.

Marsha's stunning dinner gown of heavy white crepe with gold embroidered scalloped neckline also has the low, unbelted line. Its skirt falls in softly draped folds and is slashed to the knee. The short-jacketed suit of black wool, right, is highlighted with fagoting over inserts of white crepe. Unfinished darts give the straight skirt its front fulness.

HERE'S

Gossip by Weston East

Marine Sgt. Glenn Ford, right, having fun on a furlough date at Mocomba's with his lady love, Eleanor Powell. At another table, (see photo center bottom of page) Dinah Shore and Pvt. George Montgomery entertain Belita and Alan Baldwin.



Below, that's not smoke getting in Sgt. Louis Busch's eyes—it's his bride's (Janet Blair's) veil, and it's their wedding day—no wonder they look so happy. The newlyweds are pictured in lower photo with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lafferty, Janet's ma and pa.



STUNNED speechless was Robert Alda when he attended the premiére of "This Is The Army." Bob is the boy who has come up from burlesque to play the coveted rôle of George Gershwin in "Rhapsody In Blue." He has yet to appear on the screen and still the reception accorded him at the premiere was worthy of any star.

NICE girl, June Havoc. A national magazine wanted a story on John Payne. If June would give them some copy, they'd give her endless publicity for herself. June knew John Payne was working hard for a commission. She wasn't sure if the story would help him or not. He wasn't in Hollywood to get permission. So June refused to talk.

VAN JOHNSON should hire Hedy Lamarr and John Loder for his personal press agents. At a dinner party given by one of the biggest studio executives, Hedy and John did such a rave over him, the very next morning their host sent for Van's test. Funnily enough, the Loders and Van aren't close friends. They just like his personality and appreciate his talent.

LIFE begins for Loretta Young. Her career is beginning to flourish all over again. And now her handsome husband, Lieutenant Colonel Tom Lewis, has been stationed in Hollywood. Loretta's the envy of all the stars who are living alone and not liking it.

DESPITE his strenuous routine, Glenn Ford has never missed a day writing to Eleanor Powell since he joined the Marines. Plans for their wedding are all set now. He's been promised a leave and if he gets it, they'll be Mr. and Mrs. before you'll be reading this.

WHEN Ava Gardner said she "wanted to get it over with fast," she must have meant it. The divorce from Mickey Rooney awarded her in Los Angeles would have become final next May. So Ava took herself to Las Vegas, Nevada, and established residence there for the necessary six weeks "unhitching." Some say she's going to become Mrs. Howard Hughes. They've been saying that about someone ever since Hughes and Billie Dove almost got together. And brother, *that's* going back!

MAYBE now Laird Cregar will lose that necessary poundage in peace. Dorothy "Claudia" McGuire up and married film writer John Swope. They kept it so secret even her own studio didn't know that Dorothy had found love. And it didn't take her long, we might add. Swope, Jimmy Stewart and Burgess Meredith maintained a bachelor establishment before the armed forces separated them. Hollywood is going to miss those parties the boys used to throw. Captain Jimmy Stewart was best man. The wedding took place in Margaret Sullavan's house.







HOLLYWOOD

Candids by Jean Duval



Left, Joan Leslie, Paul Henried and Katina Paxinou, who plays *Pilar* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls," get together for a chat before the Hollywood Bowl pageant, "We Will Never Die," for benefit of Jewish Relief.

Below, Maria Montez made a very beautiful bride when she married Jean Pierre Aumont recently. Charles Boyer and Jeannine Crispin were best man and matron of honor, and picture at left of Maria shows Boyer kissing bride and Aumont kissing Jeannine.

THERE was more than one reason why Bette Davis got such a terrific kick out of a radio broadcast in the East. It was a short wave show, directed to the boys stationed in remote spots. The man up in the control booth, who told Bette what to do and how to do it, was Harmon "Ham" Nelson, Bette's ex-husband. He gave the orders and she followed them. "Ham" is doing a good job for Uncle Sam and Bette is rightly proud of him. They have never ceased being good friends.

JOHN GARFIELD'S new son starts out in life with a million dollar name and a bank account not to be sneezed at. The baby has been christened David Patton, after General Patton. Two thousand dollar Victory Bonds were John's gifts to the new "General" the day he was born.

NOT three thousand as his studio would have you believe, but a good seven hundred hysterical swingsters met Frank Sinatra when he arrived in Hollywood. They screamed, clawed and bit each other trying to get closer to the swoon crooner.



Left, from top: Opening of the Mercury Wonder Tent Show for servicemen brought many celebrities together to watch Orson Welles make with the magic. Greer Garson attended with her mother and was kept busy signing autographs; Xavier Cugat, La Conga music king, amuses his charming wife with his Mocambo tablecloth art; Anne Shirley with her escort, Al Bloomingdale, at another table.

Right, from top: Alexis Smith dancing with Henry Wilson at Trocadero; Randy Scott and the ex-Mrs. Vic Mature, Martha Kemp, smile for the camera—(that's Alan Curtis back of Randy); Capt. John Huston lights Anita Louise's cigarette at Mocambo, while hubby Capt. E. Maurice Adler looks on. Bottom: Jane Withers, looking glamorous and grown up, and her escort wave to friends across the room.





ORSON WELLES and his big top show for service men opened with a bang off Hollywood Boulevard. Assisted by Joseph Cotten and Rita Hayworth, the "great" Welles as a mighty magician really did his stuff. Rita was only on for the first night, however. Her studio boss didn't like the idea of her "stooging" in a tent show. Seems pretty silly when it was all done to entertain our boys in uniform.

EVIDENTLY when Greer Garson saw that beard on Richard Ney in the overseas newsreels, it melted her heart. Then again, maybe Greer thought the war might last longer than anticipated. When Ney arrived in Hollywood on leave, they dusted off that marriage license and were married. Her mother was the only witness. A forty-eight hour honeymoon ended abruptly when Richard returned to duty.

WHO said women can't keep secrets? Claire Trevor can and did. Last April seventeenth she married Lieut. (j.g.) Cylos Dunsmoor in Tia Juana. His father is a biggie in a bank and he's handsome enough to be a movie star. Claire intends giving up her career at least temporarily and moving to wherever he will be stationed.

(*Please turn to page 77*)



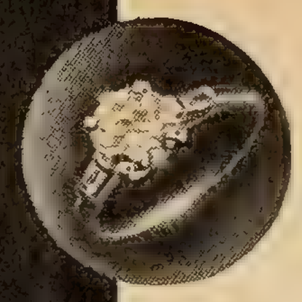












HER RING—a beautiful 2-carat solitaire, with a baguette diamond on either side. The setting is platinum.

NAVAL OFFICER'S FIANCÉE—ROBERTA BOSWORTH of Highland Park, Illinois—engaged to Lt. E. Gardner Counselman of Evanston. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert R. Bosworth, prominent North Shore Chicagoans.

PLANS change quick as a telegraph message these wartime days. Roberta's wedding invitations were engraved, her bridesmaids' dresses ordered, her wedding dress ready—then her fiancé was ordered to report for immediate sea duty!

"He won't get a leave for several months," she told us, "so it will be a winter wedding instead of the June one we expected."

Like so many lovely engaged girls, Roberta counts on Pond's Cold Cream to keep her complexion fresh and soft.

"There's something about Pond's that agrees especially well with my skin," Roberta says. "It's *such* a soft, such a smooth cream, and it's *extra* grand for cleansing, I think."

ROBERTA BOSWORTH HAS GLOWING, ELECTRIC BEAUTY... eyes of sparkling blue, a complexion charmingly clear and fresh. "Pond's Cold Cream is my pet beauty help," she says.



PREPARING FOR WARTIME SCOUT DUTY—Roberta is learning to be a pilot in Chicago's Civil Air Patrol—one of hundreds of girls earnestly training to supply woman-power for the air force.

☆

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE

Many areas urgently need women workers for necessary civilian jobs. You can help! Check local Help Wanted ads—then get advice from your local United States Employment Service.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



COPY ROBERTA'S DAILY POND'S BEAUTY CARE . . . *First*—she smooths Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat. Pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Second—she "rinses" with *more* Pond's, whirling her white-tipped fingers around in little spirals. This makes her skin feel extra soft and clean. Tissues off again.

Give *your* face a delightful twice-over creaming with Pond's—every night and every morning—for in-between clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident engaged girls like Roberta, society beauties like Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III and Katharine Mellon love it. Get *your* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today!

ny more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.



Vision, and a Voice

Continued from page 22

You smile at Dick's typically small-town suit and straw hat, then take an extra look at the man wearing them. Dick has changed in the past year—and to distinct advantage. You like the leaner, stronger lines of his face; the new determined angle of his chin.

He interrupts your star-gazing with: "After months of intensive work, I succeeded in lowering my voice to its most effective pitch. I thought the job was over until I discovered that my new singing voice didn't match my speaking voice. A fellow can't play a love scene 'way up here, then burst into song 'way down there. Therefore, it was necessary for me to lower my speaking voice. And nothing changes one's personality as much as a change in voice. It makes you act and feel differently. Even my mannerisms changed. I wasn't really aware of the transformation, however, until my friends started commenting on it."

Even as he spoke I recognized a new depth and warmth to his voice. It is clearer, more romantic. It has given him an air of quiet vigor.

The first picture in which Dick tested his new voice was "Happy Go Lucky." He waited for public reaction. Dick has always respected the opinion of his fans. When they enthusiastically approved, he was ready to embark on his new career. Under his new long-term contract with Paramount he will divide his time between starring rôles in important musicals and straight leads in romantic comedies.

Calls for "Dick Powell for stills" drag him away, but he returns within a few minutes to explain further the part movie fans have played in his career.

"On a recent Army camp tour we played two regular shows every night, besides entertaining in hospitals during the day and giving impromptu performances any hour they called on us. Many of the boys I met were old fan-letter friends, anxious to talk about old times. I was far too busy to find time for regular eating and sleeping. And you know what happened."

"Pneumonia, wasn't it?"

He nods ruefully. "Joan, my dainty little wife, does as many camp shows as any star in Hollywood and thrives on the strenuous routine. But big, husky me—!" He shakes his head. "If I hadn't been too sick to care, I'd have been embarrassed.

"On the train for Hollywood a doctor took my temperature and found it to be 104.9. He insisted I get off at Kansas City, the next stop, wiring ahead for an ambulance and hospital accommodations. Like the rest of the country, Kansas City was experiencing a shortage of medical men and hospital space. After my train had left the station I discovered that there was no ambulance waiting for me. Not even a porter."

Dick hauled four heavy suitcases through the big Kansas City station, then waited for over half an hour for a taxi which rushed him to the hospital. Shaking with fever he staggered to the reception desk only to learn that the hospital was already overcrowded. There was no bed available.

"I just stood there trying not to bawl like a baby," Dick remembers out loud.

As he turned to leave, wondering where he could go, a young interne approached. He wasn't really an interne—rather a pre-medical student helping the overworked hospital staff during his spare time. "Aren't you Dick Powell?" he asked. Dick was too surprised to answer. He wondered how anyone could recognize him with a three-day beard, eyes puffed and fever-blistered lips.

In one of the wards this young man set up a cot and for the next eight days was in almost constant attendance. When Dick was well enough to leave he thanked the interne for administering to his wants like an old friend. "I am an old friend—sort of" he replied. "I wrote you a couple of fan letters and you answered them."

Before returning to work in Paramount's "Riding High" with Dorothy Lamour, Dick went to Mexico to recuperate. It was on this South-of-the-border visit that Dick decided to learn the Spanish language. The result was the hiring of one Eduardo, as teacher-secretary. "The quickest way to learn a language is to talk it as often as you can," he says.

As though on cue, Eduardo pokes his head through the train window and says, "Mr. Powell, vamos, vamos." To which Dick replies, "Si, Eduardo." Eduardo is about twenty-eight, unusually fair for a South American and seems like a very interesting person. Dick explains he's from Chile, used to teach political science in a University there, was secretary to the Chilean consul in Los Angeles.

"You must have quite a vocabulary by now," you venture.

"Quite. There's 'vamos' which means 'let's go.' There's 'vamos, vamos' which means 'get going in a hurry.' 'Si' meaning 'yes' and—er—let me see now—"

You interrupt tactfully by observing that hiring a Chilean secretary-teacher is bringing the good neighbor policy right into one's home.

"The whole world will be a good neighbor if this war and the subsequent peace turn out right. Our soldiers are in every part of the globe, learning about other nationalities, making new friends, getting used to their habits and customs. In the post-war world the airplane will bring all people closer together. The motion picture will play an important part in solidifying international friendships. I want to be ready to speak to other nationalities in their own language."

"You mean you're planning to appear in foreign language pictures?"

"Not at the moment. But if they will help bring greater understanding to the world I want to be ready to do my part. In the meantime it's fun learning a new language. Eduardo is even teaching Spanish to my children. You should hear little Ellen. She's only five but already can speak whole sentences."

"Do Ellen and Norman show signs of unusual musical talent?"

Dick becomes as voluble as any proud young father with such a leading question. "Our home isn't the same since Ellen and I started singing duets. She loves music. Norman has no time for singing. He's eight, but much too busy being president of the Children's Victory Club. That's an organization he started with neighborhood children who earn a weekly allowance from their parents for good behavior, picking up their toys, putting away their clothes neatly, helping with the gardening and doing odd chores around the house. All members of this club have sworn to use their earnings exclusively, for the purchase of war bonds. Isn't that swell?"

You agree whole-heartedly that it's plenty swell. And as you say goodbye (in a voice two full tones lower than when you started the interview) you cannot help admiring the courage and perseverence with which Dick Powell applies himself to the job that has to be done, whether it be overhauling his voice, bringing entertainment to service men, planning post-war international friendships or teaching fundamentals of the America

Put your Smile on a Seven-Day Week!



Wartime is no time for grumps and jitters. Women, especially, have to keep things going at home with a cheerful high hand—no matter what!

So use every little trick you know. Keep busy. Keep beautiful. And above all, keep *comfortable* and serene—whatever the time of the month.

That's easy—as busy wartimers by the millions are finding out. They're switching to Modess, the sanitary napkin that's first for wonderful softness and hours of safety. Read what some of them say about it.

"I'm taking over a man's job—working hard to help keep America going while our men fight. No time to baby myself on *this* job. But I did want more monthly protection, and thank heaven I switched to Modess! It's *safer*. Gives me extra 'accident insurance' I need!"

¶ **MODESS has a triple full-length safety shield at the *back*. This guards the *entire* napkin—assures greater protection.**



"I'm doing K.P. at the canteen! And now, more than ever, I'm depending on Modess to keep me sunshiny. I've always liked it for the super way it fits. Modess shapes itself so smoothly to body lines. Seems as if it's really made for *me*."

¶ **Because MODESS is softer, it's bound to fit as though specially made for you. Its softspun filler *conforms* to your body. And where some pads have hard tab ends, MODESS has softest gauze. No telltale outlines.**



"I'm fighting the food shortage! Gardening, canning, storing food—it all keeps me on my feet lots more, but what of it? Someone put me wise to Modess' extra *softness*, and I switched. What blessed comfort! Now I breeze through the toughest days with a smile!"

¶ **MODESS costs no more than other napkins, but it's made with a special softspun filler that's fleecy as down. Entirely different from layer-type pads. 3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer in a recent test!**

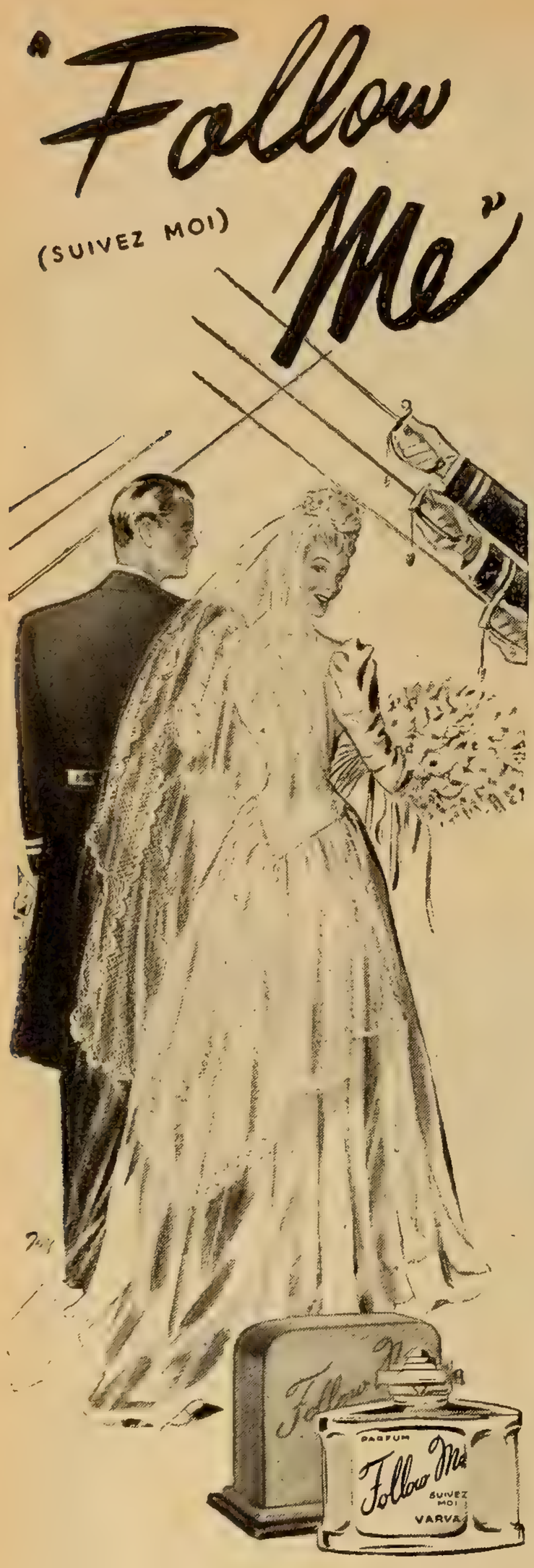
Hustle with a Smile! Switch to



Modess

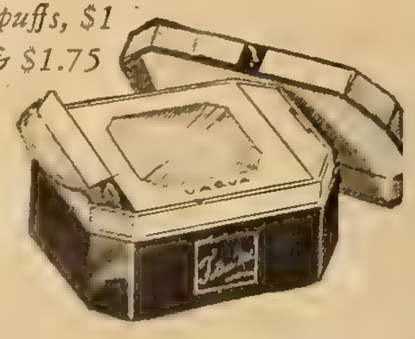
SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. **** **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. Available in boxes of 12, or Bargain Box of 56 pads.



His leading lady! She's first in war activities . . . she'll be first in the peace parades . . . and she's first in the heart of her serviceman! If you're the girl who leads, you want Varva's leading, lasting fragrance, "Follow Me"!

Extract, $1 to $15
Face Powder, six guest puffs, $1
Talc, 55¢; Sachet, $1 & $1.75
Bath Powder, $1
Bubble Foam, $1
(plus taxes)



Follow Me by
VARVA
THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

19 West 18th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

Golden Boy

Continued from page 31

a couple of days later when, all of a sudden, Director Sandrich up and decided to film the kissing sequence. The decision came as a sort of a blow to the Tufts rooter. It was a bit early in the picture, all hands agreed, for an utter tyro to take Paulette in his arms (and her caparisoned in a slinky black nightdress that revealed every billow in her geography), muzzle her a bit, and then, as per script, kiss her smack on the mouth. It takes time and experience to acquire the necessary nonchalance—especially before a hundred critical eyes. And here a young Lochinvar was bidden to do it after a mere two days of shooting.

One of the major worries was Goddard, herself, who half expected him to wilt the minute she threw her arms around his neck, squeezed him hard, and looked up at him winsomely.

A half dozen rehearsals and a baker's dozen of "takes" and Paulette was sitting in her dressing room removing her make-up and feeling sorry for poor Tufts when there was a knock at the door. She opened it. There stood Sonny himself, looking as blithe as a man who has dined on canaries.

"I dropped by to thank you for a lovely afternoon," he said, gravely. "It was a lot of fun."

"Don't mention it," Paulette said, a mite flabbergasted.

Exit a blond galoot whistling.

Sonny Tufts, Paramount's own golden boy, comes by his nonchalance, poise, and easy grace as naturally as Boston-born blue-bloods land in the social register. The Tufts (if you aren't plagued with an inferiority complex) have been bivouacked in Boston since 1638 and if any of them has ever needed the help of the public almoner, there is no evidence of the fact. Tufts pere, in approved Tufts fashion, was a leading Boston banker so that when the Tufts kith and kin first laid eyes on the mewing little tyke about to be christened with the resounding name of Bowen Tufts, III, they sighed and pronounced in unison: "What a fine-looking banker he'll make!"

On which score they were doomed to disappointment, even as they were in his choice of a college—a bit later in life.

He grew like a rumor, survived the usual juvenile maladies, and, in due time, was dispatched to Philips-Exeter Academy. He blossomed into an unorthodox Tufts by exhibiting a curious passion for three unrelated subjects, football, Greek, and music, all of which he negotiated with equal ease.

To foster his last passion, he organized an orchestra, which hired itself out for all hops and proms within striking distance of the campus. It wasn't a bad outfit, all things considered. At least, it was good enough to be invited, come vacation time, to provide dance music on a trans-Atlantic liner. Sonny accepted in a hurry. They made two round trips that first summer, Sonny at the drums and acting as leader.

The Tufts Troubadours must have done all right on the deep. They were rehired the following summer. For a while the boys deliberated about adding a girl warbler to give the band a little class. However, signing up a girl for trans-oceanic voyages can become a pretty complicated business. After sober reflection they abandoned the idea in favor of having Sonny sing the choruses. They put it up to him and he agreed.

All that summer he stood up in front of the band, singing weepy ballads while impressionable college girls heaved and sighed. He collected something like 37 mash notes before the cruise was over.

The following summer he didn't have to be coaxed to croon. He volunteered for the job. The Tufts Troubadours embarked, had a pleasant crossing, debarked at Naples, bade each other good-bye, and took off in all directions to see Europe, after promising to meet in Naples six weeks from date for the return journey back—tooting for their return passage, of course.

Sonny had himself a whale of a time that summer bicycling all over Europe, sampling Paris, exploring Vienna, marvelling at Budapest, and loitering in Prague. He woke up one morning, looked up at the calendar, and made the melancholy discovery that he was due in Naples in 17 hours.

He checked out of the hotel on the run, grabbed the first train headed South, and arrived at Naples five hours after the boat had sailed. He counted up his money. Cash reserves: $17.10, 19 francs, 11 marks, and 43 lira. Undismayed, he scouted around, lined himself up a job as an able seaman on a tramp freighter and came home the hard but interesting way.

He received a royal welcome by the family after which paternal joy changed to concern.

"Classes at Harvard have already begun," his sire announced, "but I think I can square you with the freshman dean."

"That's swell, Dad," Sonny announced, "only it'll have to be the freshman dean of Yale."

"Yale!" chorused the Tufts, shocked.

"I guess I forgot to tell you," explained the Tufts scion. "Yale is where all my friends are going, and Yale is where I've decided to go."

"But the Tufts are Harvard men!" his mother protested. "Your father and four of your uncles are Harvard men."

"Maybe that's why the Tufts ought to start giving Yale a break," quoth Sonny.

He arrived at Yale a little late to get in much for football, but not too late to play a couple of bang-up games on the frosh eleven thereby making secure his bid for a position on the varsity team the following year, a bid that was realized three years in a row and commemorated by three varsity Y's in football. His passion for Greek gave way to a new mania, anthropology. His interest in music, far from abating, mounted. During his four years at Yale he bossed five bands all told, three of them simultaneously. Jettisoning the drummer's post, he concentrated on crooning, which, judging from the favorable reaction of at least half his listeners—the prettier half, incidentally—was a wise move. He took the applause so seriously that come senior year he engaged a vocal coach, who did all he could do for him and encouraged him to stick with singing. He did. Following graduation, he hied himself and his voice to Paris for study.

Six months of Paris and he returned home, fired with the ambition to become an opera singer, a star at the Metropolitan, no less. His mind was made up. Losing no time, he arranged for an audition at the Metropolitan, sang, and was accepted for a début the next season. He took one glance at the projected contract and was bowled over at the small salary he was to receive as a beginner. He was still mulling the project over in his mind when he was offered a singing spot in a Broadway musical, "Who's Who," an unimportant spot to be sure but a spot paying twice the money the Metropolitan offered. He snapped it up and kissed opera good-bye.

From "Who's Who" he went into another (short-lived) musical named "Sing for Your Supper," after which, flushed with success and nice little notices, he wangled a singing engagement at a hotel spot

THIS IS KNOWN
BY
Medical Authorities
about PHILIP MORRIS

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT – DUE TO SMOKING – EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY*, OR *DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . *Proving this finer cigarette is less irritant!*



called "The Glass Hat." He was signed for only two weeks, but he sang so beautifully that they kept him on for a whole year. Engagement over, he trucked on down to Palm Beach where he spent the entire season crooning at the Whitehall, a classy little bistro devoted to dining and dancing. Come summer and he hiked back to New York where all he had to do was say the word and they'd book him into any old spot he wanted.

Crooning at $150 a week was a nice enough racket if it weren't for his friends. His friends practically drove him crazy with their constant yipping.

"You'd be wonderful in pictures!" the girls would tell him. "You're a dope to work for $150 a week when Bing Crosby knocks off a neat $6000 a week in pictures," his buddies would tell him. One of his Yale pals, a millionaire sportsman by the name of Alexis Thompson, gave him no rest. Every time he was in town and Tufts was singing, he'd drop by, listen a while, watch the way the audience reacted, join Sonny when his stint was done, and lay it on good.

"Man, you've got a terrific voice," he would come at him. "You're a natural-born actor. Why aren't you in Hollywood?"

"Because nobody has asked me," Tufts would tell him, shrugging.

Thompson would shake his head, mutter something about guys who aren't bright enough to come in out of the rain, toss down a quick one, and high-tail it out of the place in high dudgeon.

Tufts had just finished doing a touching little ballad called "The White Cliffs of Dover" one balmly night in September, 1942, when he noticed friend Alexis at a ringside table.

"I want to see you if you can spare the time," Thompson informed him via lip movements. "I've got a proposition."

"Legitimate?" Sonny wig-wagged back.

"You'll see," Thompson signalled.

Thompson's proposition was a honey. He was ready to sign Tufts to a personal contract.

"What are you going to do with me?" Sonny wanted to know.

"Sell you to the movies, you dope. All you got to do is listen, chum, and leave the rest to me."

Whereupon Mr. Thompson supplied a few details. As of now, he was ready to pay Tufts the same money he was making with the band. In addition, he was ready to furnish the necessary expenses for a trip to Hollywood, put him up at the la-de-da Beverly Wilshire Hotel, and pay all extraordinary bills pending the signing of a contract with a movie studio.

"What makes you think I'll get a contract?" Sonny demanded, a little dazed.

"I'm taking care of that, too. There's a pal of mine by the name of Jack Donnelly who runs a flock of hotels in Hollywood. He knows everybody in town. All you've got to do when you arrive in town is to give Jack a ring. Leave the rest to him."

"Are you on the level?"

"I've got the contracts in my pocket."

"It's a deal."

Two weeks later he hopped a plane to Hollywood, checked into the Beverly Wilshire on schedule, and called up Mr. Donnelly. Mr. Donnelly greeted him warmly.

"I've talked to a friend of mine over at Paramount—Joe Egli, the casting director—into giving you an audition tomorrow at ten. Go in there and knock him dead."

At ten sharp the next morning he was ready for his bout with Destiny. He followed a pretty secretary into the office of the casting director and introduced himself. Mr. Egli nodded, leaned back, and got set to be knocked dead. "Yes, Mr. Tufts," he said, indicating he was ready for Sonny's song and dance.

Sonny Tufts knows a cue when he hears one. "I'd like to get into the movies," he said nonchalantly.

Egli almost fell over backward. He shot an amazed glance at Tufts. Sonny sat there with that old Yale nonchalance and quiet charm, completely unruffled. It was now Egli's cue.

"What can you do, Mr. Tufts?" the casting director inquired a bit uneasily.

"I sing," Sonny said.

"Are you prepared for an audition?"

"Why not?"

Mr. Egli led the way to the music department, paged an accompanist, and suggested that Sonny start singing. Sonny ran through a half dozen cowboy ballads before Mr. Egli waved him to a stop.

"You sing well, Mr. Tufts, but I don't think we need a singer right now. We've got Bing Crosby under contract."

"Bing's the best," Tufts drawled.

Egli shot another penetrating glance at him. Then he lit up. "Do you have anything against straight acting, Mr. Tufts?"

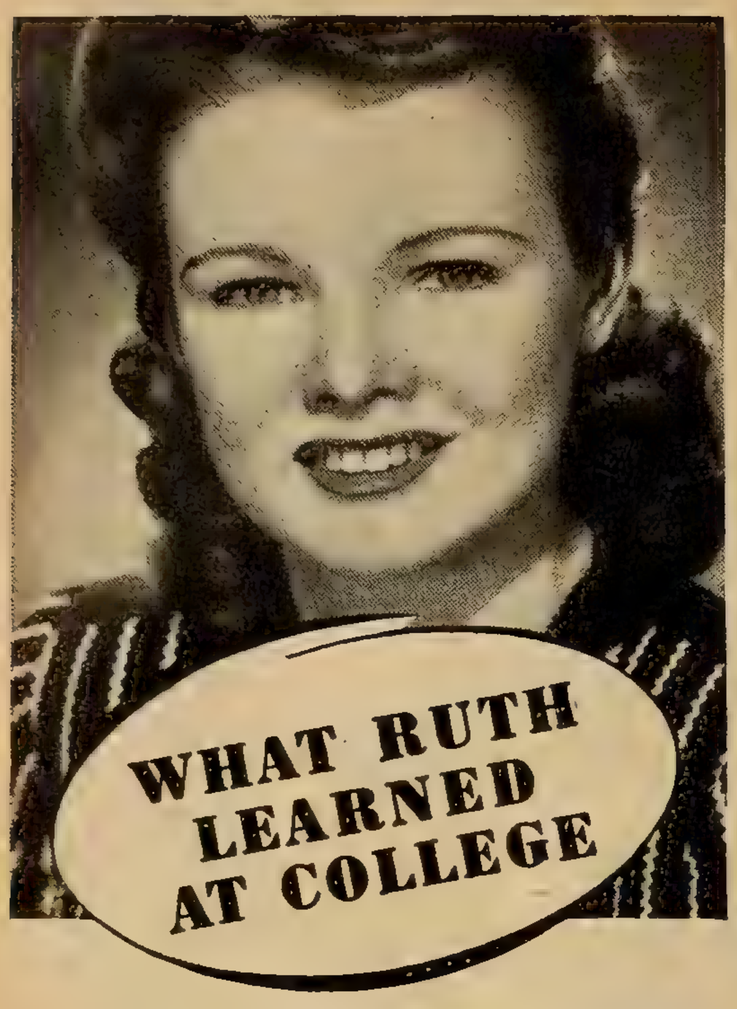
"Nothing at all," Sonny countered.

"Fine. Report back tomorrow at ten."

He reported back the next morning, was tested with Helen Walker, signed as soon as the tests were run off, and told to stand by for action. A few days later he was picked as a candidate for one of the three new leading men to be introduced in "So Proudly We Hailed." Together with eight other guys he was exhibited to the Misses Colbert, Lake, and Goddard. When it came Tufts' turn to do a pirouette or two, Goddard let out a shriek.

"That's *Kansas!*" she yelled. "Yum, yum!"

Which is where we came in. And which is where we bow out, but not before informing you that Mr. Tufts is happily married, terribly in love with his wife, and a one-woman man if ever there was one.



RUTH: "But, Mother, nearly all the girls in my dorm are using Tampax now. It's not considered new any more; it's just a regular thing."

MOTHER: *"Well, I'll admit it has a lot of advantages, especially the quick changing, now that restrooms are so crowded . . . You say a doctor invented it?"*

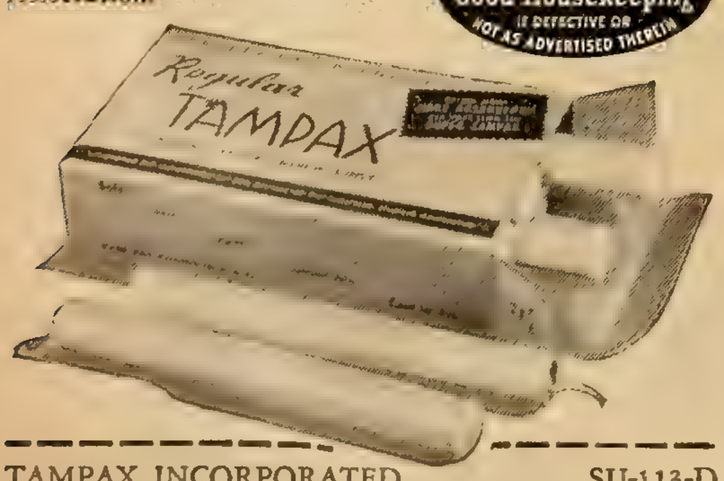
RUTH: "Yes, and it has been adopted by millions of women all over the world—in Asia, Australia, Africa, Europe and the Americas. I'm really enthusiastic, you see!"

MOTHER: *"I give in! If it can cure a sensitive girl like you of self-consciousness and make you light-hearted at that time of the month, I'm for Tampax!"*

Tampax is a form of monthly sanitary protection based on the principle of *internal absorption*, long known to doctors and now available for women generally. Made of pure, long-fiber surgical cotton, firmly stitched and exceedingly absorbent. It comes compressed to small size in dainty applicators. No belts, pins or pads. No odor. No bulging or chafing. Wearer cannot feel it. Hands need not touch it. Easy disposal. *Three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 lasts 4 months, average. Don't wait for *next* month. Start Tampax now!

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GUIDE TO GLAMOR



Choice news from the world of beauty and good grooming to give you a new lift for the winter season

★

Helena Rubinstein's Colloidal Handguard Cream safeguards your busy hands.

ONE of the latest scents in perfume comes to us from the house of Varva. "Nonchalant," it is, and it is as devastatingly nonchalant as anything we've ever come across! The odor is light but vivid. The extract is available both in deluxe bottles as well as sizes all the way down to a miniature. This new fragrance is also in such companion pieces as face powder, talc, sachet, bath powder and bubble foam.

MAX FACTOR'S products are always news—and such good news—to the movie public. Two new packages done up in his identifying black and white dresses are here for all of us to enjoy—a beautiful rouge and luscious matching lipstick. The texture and colors are A 1, as always, and they do a grand fall paint job. . . . Containers are excellent in size, shape, and wartime construction.

PERSPIRATION odors are like poison to us at any time of year, and in the fall when one expects fresh cool scents, they are more unforgivable than ever! A preparation called "Nix" is the antidote to all these outward symptoms of uncleanliness. This deodorant cream according to directions, is as harmless to your skin as it is to your new fall woolen dresses. And you can buy it in large doses because it doesn't dry out or crumble. . . . Nix comes in a generous family size as well as in small size jars, all capped with wartime paper board covers. . . . It has a spicy scent that blends with any other perfume.

WITH cold weather on its way, an item of special interest is Fleet's "Chapstick"—a little medicated stick which protects the lips, from winter dryness and chapping. The boys in the Army and Navy have adopted it wholeheartedly because it fits in their pockets as easily as it does in your handbag!

"FEET Take Wings" is the name of a Foot Cream and Foot Lotion Set which Harriet Hubbard Ayer is giving to the foot-weary world. It promises to lift and revive your spirits as well as your feet! You massage the cream vigorously into your soles, toes, insteps and around your toe nails. Rub it off, and then slap on—and we mean slap—the lotion. Tender and soft spots will be soothed and foot aches will disappear. "Feet Take Wings" is accompanied by a booklet of foot exercises.



Good companions are Max Factor's rouge and lipstick. New colors in new containers.



Varva's newest perfume is "Nonchalant," a gay and light perfume that lingers.

High Spots In Beauty

Continued from page 16

remove straggly hair, comprise your eye-beautifying kit. There are everyday rules for the use of this equipment and also very special tricks.

Generally speaking, common sense plus a dash of artistry is the recipe for bringing life to your face and to your eyes. To make your eyes a high spot in your facial picture, begin by applying a touch of shadow to your lids. Choose the shade that blends with the color of your eyes and carefully smooth it on so that it's really a *shadow* —not a smear. With a light touch, fade it upward and outward from the lashes toward the brow. Soon you have a "background" that intensifies your eye color. Next, take your eyebrow pencil and wield it as an artist wields his finest accent-maker. Very carefully, trace the pencil along the hairs of the brows—never on the skin itself. This kind of pencilling gives an even, darkened look to the natural arc of brows. Then there's that little curling gadget that makes the droopingest eyelashes sweep upward at a moment's notice.

Can't you see the eye picture beginning to take shape? The background and outline drawing are there, and your eyes are ready for that final touch that glorifies them—the brushing on of your mascara. Properly and subtly used, mascara creates the effect of natural, full lashes that tilt alluringly upward. From the base of the lashes to their tips you should brush it up and out toward the temples. (Remember that a moist brush works better than a very wet one.) Then, before the well-coated lashes are quite dry, go over them with another clean brush to remove all surplus mascara and to separate any hairs that tend to stick together. Holding this brush upward against the tips of the lashes as they dry does a neat curling job, too.

Just a glance in your mirror will show you the new life and beauty that your eyes have taken on. There's nothing in the beauty book that amazes us more than the before-and-after eye story. Merle Oberon's eyes, as they appear in the new Columbia picture, "First Comes Courage," are sparkling examples of what we mean by artistic application of eye make-up!

Because our mouths, next to our eyes, are our most expressive features, they are the second point to highlight in our beauty portraits. And like eyes, lips can be transformed and vivified with outline and color.

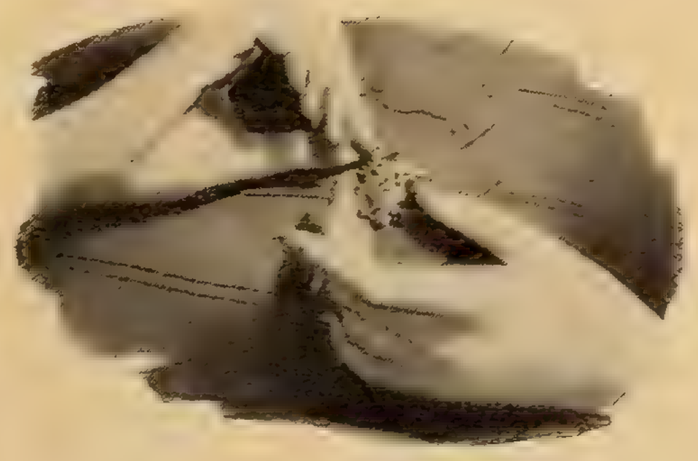
With all the advice that's been given on how to increase mouth beauty it should hardly be necessary to remind you of the right procedure. However, we have been so surprised by bad "amateur" jobs on lips that we can't refrain from adding the directions that a great cosmetic house—which supplies many of the stars—gives. Here are their three lip make-up steps: First, dry lips thoroughly to insure good adherence. Then, carefully outline your upper lip, fill in its entire surface and press it close to your lower one. Pressing the lips together traces a symmetrical contour for your mouth. Now, fill in the lower lip and smooth your lipstick over the upper one again. (Don't forget to bring the rouge well inside the mouth to prevent any sudden break in lip color.) If your mouth is just right in size and shape carry your lipstick exactly to its edges. On a full mouth, the color should be kept slightly within the outline, and on a thin mouth, it should be extended a little beyond its edge. See how Paramount's Mary Martin enlarges her lovely lip contours just a tiny bit. When your mouth has taken on perfection in color and form, then, moisten your lips and give them an alluring finish.

MARTHA O'DRISCOLL IN WALTER WANGER'S "WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED," WITH ALAN CURTIS, UNIVERSAL STAR



"His heart's in your Hands,"

says Martha O'Driscoll



". . . be sure your hands are feminine, soft." He may turn from you if your hands are coarse and rough. A foolish risk! Your hands soon have a seductive rose-leaf softness, a beguiling young look, when you use Jergens Lotion regularly. Like professional hand care—so specialized. Yet so easy. Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling.



"Like most Stars, I use this hand care," says Martha. Hollywood Stars, you'll find, use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any other hand care. Not surprising. Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion are so marvelous for skin-smoothing and softening that many doctors prescribe them. 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle. See lovely results from the first application. Only—be sure and use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION for soft, adorable Hands



"I Am Grateful To Be In Free America," says Katina Paxinou

Continued from page 47

Hollywood who could have played *Robert Jordan* and *Maria*. But only one who could have played *Pilar*.

Mr. Hemingway, Paramount, and you and I have Herr Schicklgruber to thank for Katina Paxinou. Madame Paxinou and her celebrated husband, Alexis Minotis, were doing very nicely in their native Greece as the idolized stars of the Greek Royal Theater. Not only were they known in every village of the Peloponnesus where there was a theater, but their appearances behind the footlights in the capitals of Europe—London, Paris, Berlin, Rome—were considered exciting and artistic events. Everywhere on the continent they were treated like royalty—even better than royalty. Nobody took a shot at them.

Once they made a six-months tour of America. That was in 1930. The rich, peaceful countryside, with its herds of cattle, its acres of green corn, its overstuffed barns and silos, made a deep impression on Madame Paxinou. When her starving, defeated countrymen needed help, she returned to America to seek it for them.

In December, 1939, Madame Paxinou was appearing in Athens when a high official in the Nazi ministry of public informaton paid her a formal call. The Fuehrer, it seemed, had requested that Katina Paxinou do a play in Berlin. He offered a fabulous sum of money. She explained to him that she had signed a contract to play "Ghosts" in England, and to her a contract was a contract. "Poof, England," sneered the Nazi official, "in three days England will be nothing but an unimportant little island." Madame smiled. He discovered the Greeks do not scare easily.

The following spring Madame Paxinou appeared before an enthusiastic London audience in Ibsen's "Ghosts." (Alexis Minotis remained in Greece to look after the Greek Royal Theater in her absence.) And then hell broke loose on a lovely earth. Madame Paxinou found herself stranded in England, thousands of miles from her husband, her mother, her daughter, Iliana, her two brothers and her four sisters, and her brave but hopelessly defeated countrymen. "I heard that little children were dying from starvation in the streets of Athens," she says. "I thought then of America. So rich, and kind, and generous. I knew that America would send help to my people."

To aid the Greek War Relief drive she sailed secretly from an unknown port in England on the coldest day in March, 1941. Two days out her ship was torpedoed and sunk. She spent nineteen hours in a lifeboat with a few shivering survivors before a British destroyer rescued them. "We could see the ship sinking from the life-boat." she relates. "As it sank beneath the waves it made a horrible haunting sound, like a human being gasping in his death agony. I can never forget that sound. I hear it in the middle of the night and break into a cold sweat. Somehow, as I watched the ship sink, I felt sorrier for it than for myself. It was heart-breaking to think it had been destroyed so wantonly. After I got into the shaking life-boat I was too seasick to worry about anything else. (Madame Paxinou acts as she talks and proceeded to give a realistic performance of being seasick). 'But you can't be seasick now,' the captain in the life-boat with me insisted. 'There are too many things happening for you to be seasick.' 'I'm sorry,' I told him, 'but nevertheless I am seasick.'"

The most thrilling thing that has ever happened to her was their rescue nineteen hours later by a British destroyer. The Commander gave her his small suite—which he had rarely used as he had been on constant lookout duty for months. She awakened the next morning, much refreshed, expecting to see the coast of England in the distance. But instead she saw miles and miles of the North Atlantic. "We have a job to do first," the Commander explained. For five days after Madame Paxinou found herself engaged in a running battle with the German cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau. The destroyer was dive-bombed repeatedly. It stood off submarine attacks with depth charges. It sank one U-boat and captured another before reaching a Scottish port.

"I didn't miss a thing in the war," says Madame Paxinou, with her sad smile. "I was in a front row center seat. I may speak to you continuously, to the end of my life, and I have said nothing. You have to go through the experience to know it."

But all was not death and destruction on His Majesty's destroyer. When the men and officers came off duty they gathered in the officers' mess and drank cups of scalding tea, played the phonograph, and made up impromptu concerts. One of the seamen had a bass viol with one string. A gunner had a beautiful baritone voice. Madame Paxinou, no mean singer herself, hastily learned English folk songs. The ship's mascot, a cute monkey, provided the comedy. "Any moment they might have been blown into the hereafter, but they sang, and laughed, and played. I have never seen such marvelous courage." When she eventually returned to England, she wrote a letter to the *London Times* telling of the bravery and gallantry of the men on the destroyer. The letter was read from pulpits in churches all over England.

During the next eleven months Madame Paxinou lived through the ferocious Nazi air blitz in London. "London has never been so crowded," she relates. "I stayed at the Ritz hotel, and it was so filled with people you could hardly push your way through the lobby. People did not run away. They came to London in droves. They wanted to share this horrifying experience."

The nightly raids started at five and lasted until eight in the morning when the "all clear" signal was given. "I did not sleep for eleven months. I am still a little deaf from the constant bombing. But I would not have missed it for anything in the world. I am not a brave woman. I am a coward, really. For the first week of the London blitz I shook from head to toe every time I heard a bomb burst. I would wait for the bombs to fall—one, two, three, nearer now, maybe the next one is for me, four, five, six, I would count all through the terrifying night. Then suddenly, like everyone else in London, I became a fatalist. I did not shake any more. I did not cringe in bomb shelters. I am going to bed, I would say, or I am going to the theater, if it is intended that I die, then I die."

Friends finally managed to get her to Lisbon where she was to take a clipper for the United States. In the torpedoing she had lost all her trunks and personal belongings. Her last night in London her hotel was bombed and she lost the few clothes, and little money she had left. Paxinou, arriving in New York, in April, 1942, had lost everything—except her ability to act.

On Broadway she won high praise for

her revival of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." But America, in the throes of becoming a warring nation, was not particularly interested in Ibsen. The play was an artistic success, but a financial failure. Wondering what she should do next, Madame Paxinou received a phone call from somebody at Paramount who suggested that she make a screen test for the earthy, robust *Pilar*. She hastily bought a copy of the book, and after sitting up all night reading it decided that she wanted to play *Pilar* even more than Paramount wanted her to play it. She was so scared at facing the cameras for a screen test in New York that instead of doing a scene from the script as she was supposed to do, she merely said, "I am Katina Paxinou. I am very frightened of that camera, but I want very much to play *Pilar*. I hope you will think I am right for it. Goodbye."

Paramount thought she was right for it and sent her to Hollywood on a contract. And according to the reviews all the critics thought she was right for it, most of them agreeing that she steals the acting honors, or comes mighty close to it.

What about this Katina Paxinou who is the new sensation of Hollywood? When you meet her for the first time you immediately look at her in amazement because she is younger and more slender than she appeared on the screen. "I was padded," she hastily tells you. "And I put on ten pounds. Now I am trying to lose it." She has raven black hair, and large dark tragic eyes. Although she has spoken English for years she still has a decided accent, but only when she becomes excited. The letter "i" has a way of becoming "ee." For instance, "wisely" becomes "weesely." Like most foreigners she has gracious, charming manners so you are thrown for a complete loss when she suddenly says, as she said to me, following the introduction, "You are tiresome." (Something, I may confess, I have longed to say to a star for years. Never suspecting that some day a star would say it to me.) What she meant, or so a member of the Paramount publicity department explained to me later, was that it must be very tiresome to me to have to interview so dull a person as herself. I'm not quite sure.

Madame Paxinou lives in a rented house in Beverly Hills that has a white picket fence and many gay flowers. Her constant companion is a Great Dane who watches her every movement with adoring eyes—and eats her meat ration. Her husband is in Hollywood with her now (he tried to escape the Germans in Greece three times before he finally succeeded) and he is writing a book dealing with Greece under the Nazi yoke. After the war, it is the ambition of both Minotis and Paxinou to present the Greek classics in the Hollywood Bowl. In the meantime their every aim is toward the help and liberation of their country.

Katina Paxinou loves America just as intensely as she hates the Nazis. "America is a new country, a beautiful new country. America is building traditions. The Old World, torn with strife and greed, is crushed with traditions. After long experience among people of other countries. I have come to have great faith in the Americans. Americans are so fortunate—they have no fundamental national hatreds or fears. It took time, and a Pearl Harbor, but Americans are beginning to appreciate the fact that God has given them the richest country in the world, and it is their duty to cherish it and protect it. I am so grateful to be in this wonderful free country. After Europe it is like the 'All Clear' signal that follows a long, harassing night of ceaseless bombing."

Whatever Madame Paxinou thinks of me, I do not think her tiresome.

"You're stealing my husband!"



1. It was a terrible thing to say—to my best friend. But I couldn't understand why Paul had become so indifferent—so cold to me. And when I saw him being nice to Eileen, I guess I lost my head . . .



2. Instead of getting mad, Eileen simply said, "You're upset and imagining things. Let's talk this over sensibly." Then I sobbed out the whole sad story—suspicions, fears, the trouble between Paul and me. "Darling," she said, "it may be *your* fault. There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. "The doctor I work for," Eileen went on, "advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene." Then she told me how Lysol solution cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes, and won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the directions," she said. "It's so easy. You know, thousands of modern women use Lysol for this purpose."



4. Paul and I are so happy now. Eileen was right about Lysol. I've learned that it's easy and economical to use—and it works. But I still blush when I think how unjustly I accused Eileen—and how grand she was to me!

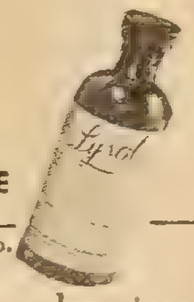


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Lysol Disinfectant

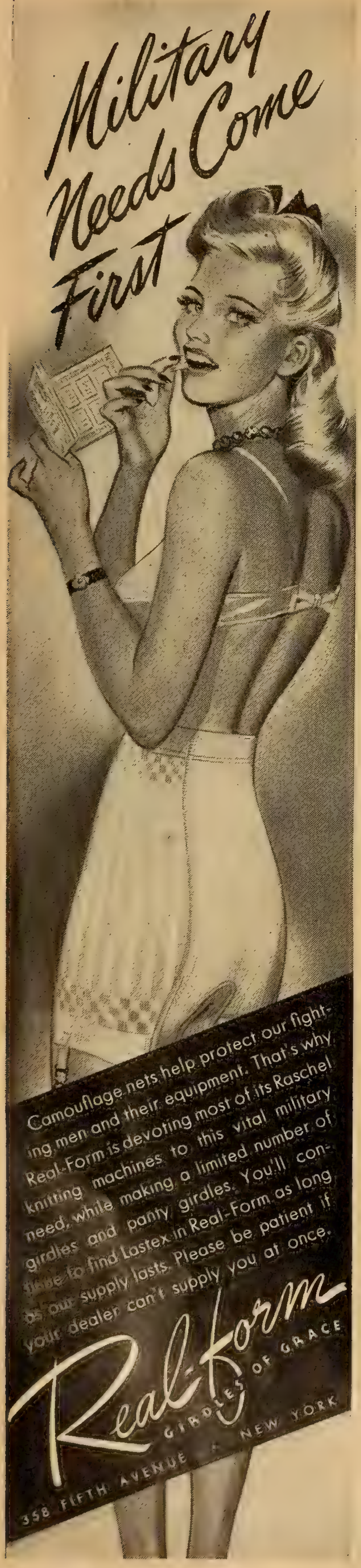
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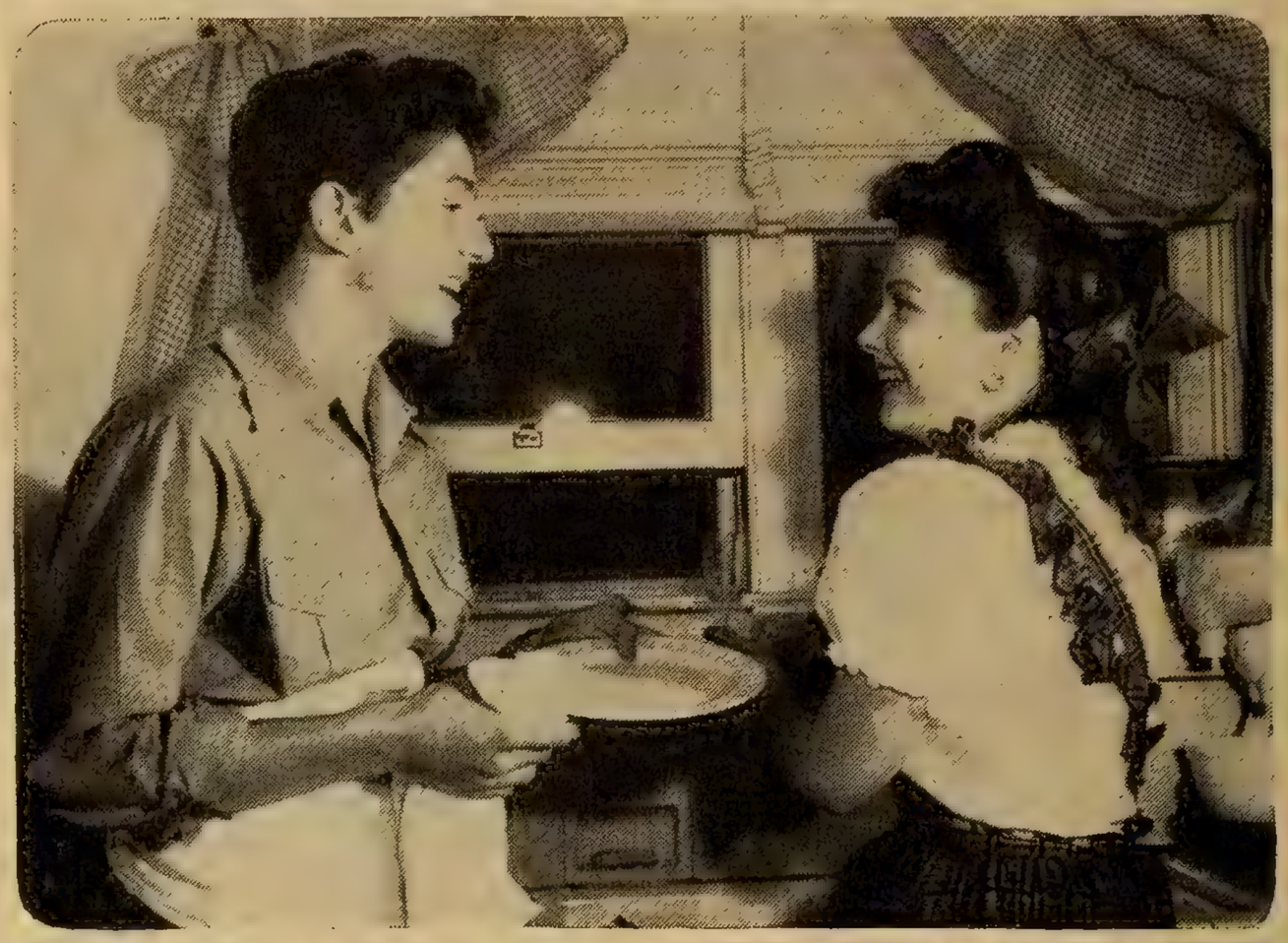
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Anne Baxter, granddaughter of famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright, plans her Dream Home for the future



STREAMLINED LIVING

By Betty Boone

YOU'D expect the granddaughter of a world-famous architect to have ideas about homes. And you'd be right. Anne Baxter, granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, puts in her spare time designing furniture for the future and drafting plans for dream homes.

"The small home of tomorrow will be planned by women," Anne declares. "Homes have to be managed by women, and who should know more about what's wrong with present arrangements? That's only common sense!"

Anne is not tall, and it seems to her that kitchens are usually designed for show-girl-sized women, except for the sinks which are apparently arranged to accommodate children in junior high school—they're so low!

"The kitchen in my dream home will not be a large room," she told me, gravely. "It will be arranged so that everything is within easy reach. No standing on tiptoe, no stooping over and making my back ache. Naturally, I hope I'll have a maid in the dream house, but I shan't count on one. The only way to be free is not to depend on other people."

At present, Anne and her mother, Mrs. Catherine Wright Baxter, popular interior decorator, live in a duplex in Westwood the décor of which was mapped by Mrs. Baxter, after conferences with Anne, young heroine of Sam Goldywn's "North Star," in which Farley Granger is her leading man.

"My ideas usually ran into too much money," admitted Anne, "so we would work out a compromise. I learned a great deal about getting effects in less expensive ways. I wanted soft green walls, but Mother explained that if we had them we'd have to be more careful of exact matches in everything else, so we did the walls in cloud gray, with ceilings in a lighter shade. Lighter ceilings make rooms seem higher."



Top, Farley Granger helps Miss Baxter with the dishes after one of Anne's dinners. Photo of Anne reading in her dining room, above, shows wallpaper she colored.



Anne entertains Farley Granger, her new leading man, at tea in her living room.

The rugs in living room, sun room, halls and dining room are green, however, and so are the drapes. The sun room has pale yellow glass curtains, and the sofa and some of the chairs are upholstered in green and yellow patterns against a soft gray background. The mantel above the fireplace is cloud gray, green vines trail down from white vases, gray pottery horses prance on either side of a bowl filled with white and yellow daisies.

There's a Chinese lacquer coffee table, a kneehole desk, tiers of side tables and a set of flower prints that look like genuine antiques.

"Mother picked those prints out and had them aged by an expert," commented Anne. "She's the greatest person for finding experts! I think it's because she has endless patience. She will go after something time and again, with only a mental picture of what she's after; but when she sees it, she knows it instantly."

The dining room is papered in quaint old-fashioned scenes, gray and green and yellow. "Tell you a secret," confided my hostess. "We couldn't find the right combination of colors anywhere so we finally had to take gray and green paper. When the paper was on the walls, Mother and I took yellow crayons and colored flowers, girls' hats, ducks and so on, so that there was a touch of yellow in each little scene."

Strips of the same paper likewise touched with yellow, cover a screen that can be set up anywhere in the living room.

Grays and greens dominate halls and stairway, but a window in the upper hall has been crossed with glass shelves and a colorful array of ornaments and growing flowers arranged upon them.

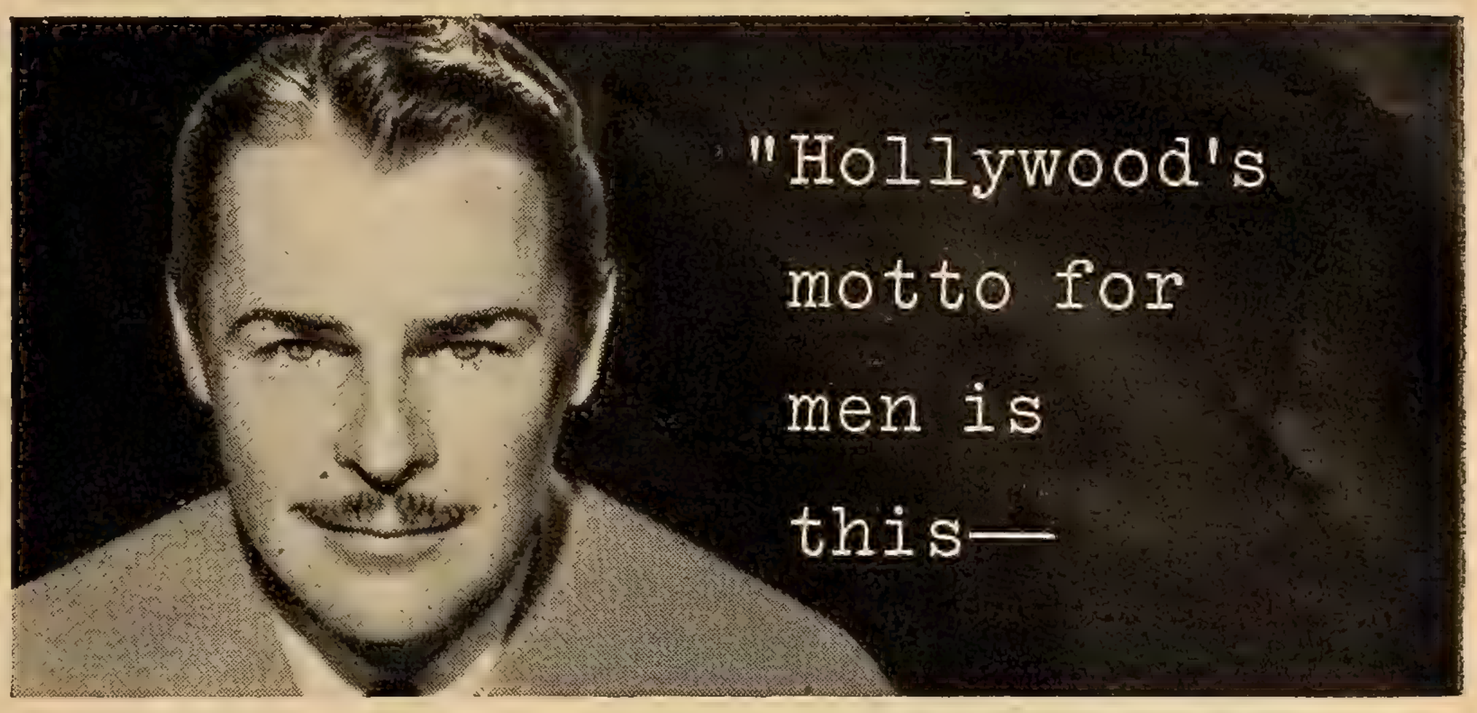
"My room was built around the carpet," confessed Anne. "I saw the red velvet carpet at a big rug and carpet shop and fell madly in love with it. Ordinarily it would have been utterly beyond our modest budget, but Mother found a slight flaw in it—a tiny place where either the weave or color wasn't perfect—so we were able to buy it at half price. That's a tip decorators often use—I don't know whether you know it or not—but frequently a slight flaw (if it's not in workmanship) doesn't matter. In this case, Mother knew she could conceal it by putting it under the bed, but I doubt if it would have been noticed, anyway.

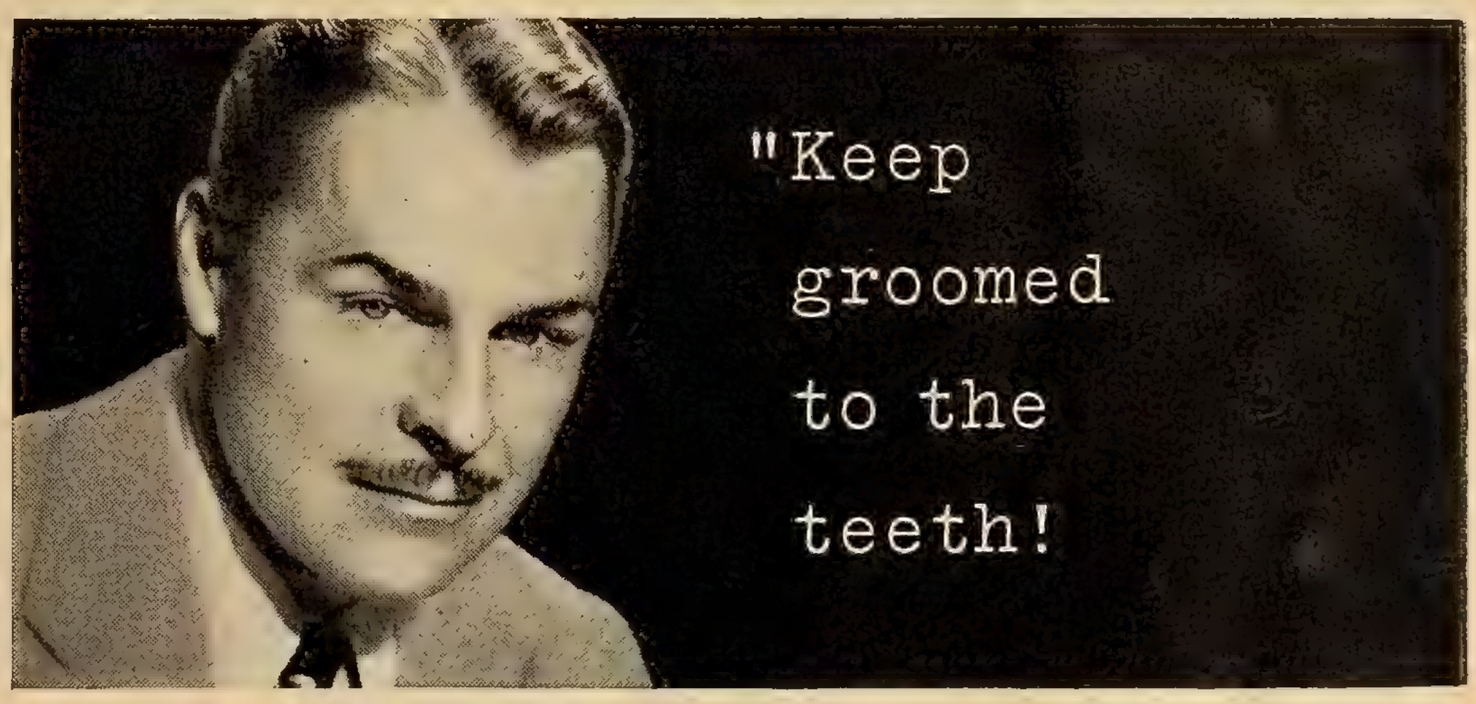
"If your budget needs stretching, visit a shop that has a selection of slightly flawed rugs, upholstery fabrics, drapes, etc., and you'll be surprised how much you can save and yet find things you really want.

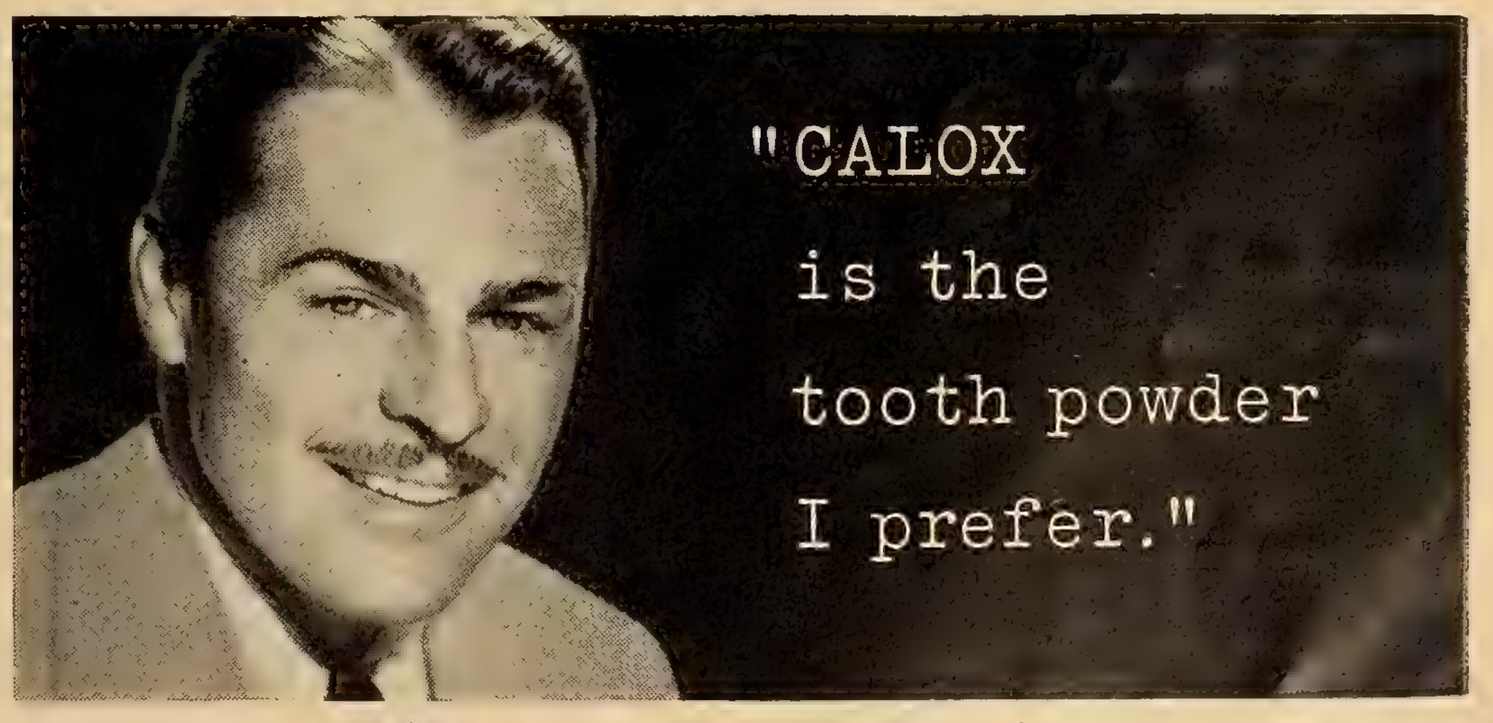
"Having my red velvet carpet, I had white

BRIAN DONLEVY speaking:

In "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK" a Paramount Picture.









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satin-striped wallpaper. The headboard of my bed is red velvet and the canopy and spread are of flowered chintz. The spread is quilted"

Anne's dressing room goes back to the grays and greens, and her bathroom is dusty pink.

"Mother is mad about light rooms," observed Anne, "so she hasn't a dark thing in her bedroom."

Mrs. Baxter's curtains are of crisp frilly white, like old-fashioned embroidered white petticoats; the same material is used for skirts of twin beds and dressing-table, tops of which are done in green-and-white striped fabric.

The important thing about a house, according to Anne, is the upkeep. Don't get too elaborate things, unless you know how to care for them, have sufficient help to keep them in good condition, or can replace them when they are not fresh looking.

"People who can't cope with housework in wartime are almost as badly off as people who are helpless in a kitchen," she asserted. "These days it's a poor woman who can't whip up an interesting meal, ration or no ration. Mother and I rely especially on herbs, spices, light wines and relishes whether we are getting a 'company meal' or tiding ourselves over the last few days of ration periods."

When their combined red coupons amount to enough points to buy a roast, the Baxters like to invite a friend or two to a "company meal."

"For example, last night we served broiled grapefruit, Alsatian lamb, vegetables, salad and desert. We choose especially fine grapefruit, cut it in halves, spread marmalade over each half, and broil it. Serve this very hot.

"To make Alsatian lamb, you soak your lamb for twelve hours in white wine with a bay leaf, a few cloves and such spices as appeal to you. Then you roast your lamb with onions and carrots, basting frequently with the juice you used for soaking.

"Scoop out little potato balls and sauté them in butter, if you are lucky enough to have any (otherwise in such shortening as you have on hand) and some of the juice from the lamb. Also serve fresh green peas with fresh mint.

"We always have relishes and odd dishes on the table so that people with appetites like mine won't feel they aren't getting enough to eat. We had home-made pickles, jam, little biscuits, carrot curls, chutney and white wine.

"The salad was my favorite green salad, Romaine, broken in three pieces so that the pieces are fairly large. My French dressing was made with herb vinegar and crushed Roquefort cheese.

"For dessert, we served meringue shells filled with strawberries and whipped cream. However, it is not often possible to get berries in other parts of the country at this season of the year, and whipped cream is becoming rarer every day, so perhaps a bowl of fresh fruit and one of nuts should be substituted."

As Anne grows up she finds that her ideas of the ideal home change, so she won't be too surprised if her present "Dream Home" is altered before it materializes. This won't be until after the war, when she hopes there'll be no need to worry about priorities, shortages and budgets.

"I want to build my house on a mesa, standing high in a vast space, with the sky reflected in a curved pool that will edge the terrace. The house will be built in the shape of a Maltese cross without the fourth arm.

"A big living room in the central part of the house will come down at the armless point two steps to a low fireplace with a copper hood. The chimney will also take care of a barbecue fireplace on the terrace outside. At the far opposite end of the living room, lots of growing green plants will come up from flower beds set into the floor, with lights behind them so that they will show up at night.

"Here and there I'll have chartreuse accents, but predominantly the room will be gray and green and vermillion. The rug will be a thick pile of beige and gray and henna in a dim sort of pattern, the kind of rug that is nice to sit on. Before the fireplace, I'll have a pineapple wedge couch, the kind made in separate pieces that can be fitted together as a long semi-circular seat, or made into small love seats or separate chairs. They will have deep cushions but they won't be deep from back to front, because I'm short in the legs and the only way people my size can be comfortable is to sit on one leg, and that gets very tiresome before an evening is over!

"One side of this room will be nothing but windows, and my dining table will be light blonde wood placed directly against the windows, with seats only on one side, so that everyone can enjoy the view. The chairs will be Swedish modern chairs in the same light blonde wood as the table; they will be tall and narrow-backed, but the backs will be shaped to fit the occupants so that my guests will be comfortable while they eat. The chairs will be done in rough textured material in clear brilliant vermilion.

"I have designed wooden candelabra in a sort of grayish wood with irregular branches. These will be set against the windows so that when they are lighted they will be reflected in the glass. Of course, by the time I have my dream home there will be no black-outs or dim-outs to harass me!"

If Anne wishes extra bedrooms in her house of the future, she will erect guest houses, but at first there will be just one bedroom, her own, in one of the arms of the cross. The opposite arm will contain a den with a bar and a kitchen fully equipped and built to Anne's size. There will be no door between den and living room, so the décor of the den will be the same as that of the living room.

"My bedroom will have plenty of windows, especially in the corners. I'll put my bed in one windowed corner and have curtains around it so I can draw them and lie there and look out at the stars.

"In the corner opposite my bed, there will be a Mexican fireplace, with a Chinese goat skin rug in front of it. Everything will be simple and uncluttered, but the bathroom will be my one touch of Hollywood, for I shall have a big sunken tub, large enough to lie down in.

"My colors in the bedroom wing will be plum color and orchid. Mother did one bedroom for a client in three shades of very thin material—one was dark orchid, one lavender and one pale violet. The materials were gathered into a canopy crown above the bed and fell from it to the floor. I may decide to copy that bed. Then I'll have cerise accents in the room.

"The bathroom wallpaper will be morning glories in orchid tones against a silvery background.

"This, you know, is my present plan for my dream home. It's really only a beginning, for I know I'll change it as I grow older, especially if the war goes on. Perhaps it sounds elaborate, but it isn't. It's really rather small, very compact and completely livable. I'll never change my theory about houses—that they are meant to be lived in and not Master Things for which we have to slave and serve."

Plain Talk!



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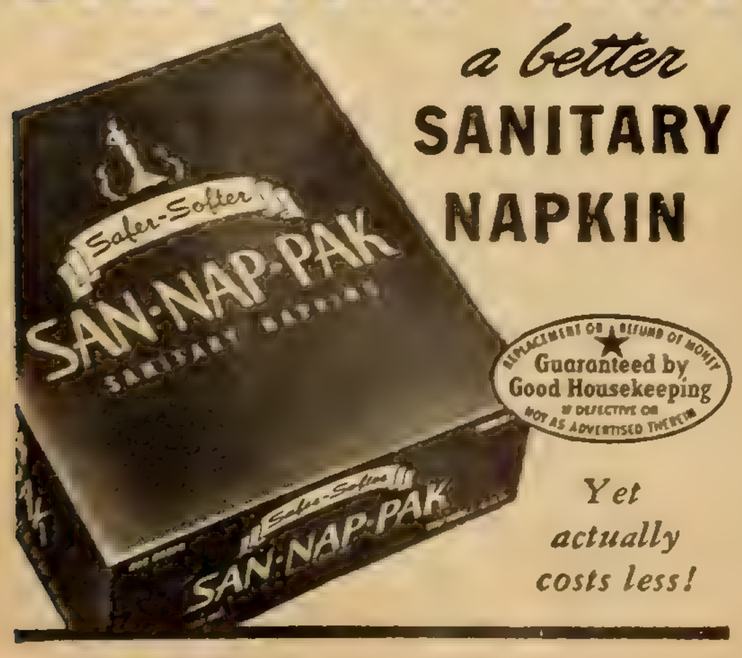
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Fans' Forum

Continued from page 15

After I saw "The Human Comedy," I agreed with the critics that the picture was splendid and really worth seeing. But I went with just one purpose in mind, to see James Craig. He is, in my estimation, just exactly what the doctor ordered—the much-longed-for tall, dark, and handsome type.

His performance in "The Human Comedy" was excellent. It showed the "powers" in Hollywood that he has the stuff that makes an actor and when I say actor, I don't mean all this put-on business. I mean someone like James Craig who can play almost any kind of part, and play it with sincerity, as though he is actually the person he portrays on the screen.

We, the audience, thrive on reality. We like to see the characters in the story become alive so that we can visualize ourselves in their positions. James Craig offers us this because he is a real person both on and off the screen.

Don't you think he deserves to be starred in something better than pictures like "Swing Shift Maisie," his latest? Why can't he be starred in more films like "The Human Comedy"?

BERYL McNUTT, Detroit, Mich.

Out of my way, you imported Hollywood pests, you exotic apples of your studios' eyes! I'm in no mood for your pale, powdered profiles tonight! I'm looking for something pretty fine that must have gotten lost somewhere in the movie whirlpool; a handsome, clear-eyed, brilliantly talented star who seems to have been trampled under in the rush for you glittery, gloomy, glamor boys, who now glide across the screen in perplexing numbers.

Where is Dean Jagger, the tall, broad-shouldered, appealing star of "Western Union" and "Brigham Young"? Can't his frank, steady American eyes compete with the droopy lids of the foreign stars? Can't his pug nose, his unlined, boyish face, and his quiet, expressive Yankee voice be given the chance it deserves on the screen of his own country, when the European profiles are swarming around our cameras like the Utah locusts?

Aren't you ashamed, Hollywood, about what you're "not doing" for our own Dean Jagger? Give him a chance to pick up where he left off and he'll be a glowing credit to you.

ALICE SMITH, Berkeley, Calif.

He has only made one picture so far, but he is my idol nevertheless. His blue eyes fascinate me; his personality thrills me, and his smile simply "kills" me. When he speaks, I sigh; when he sighs, I can't speak; and when he begins his songs, especially *Night and Day*, I swoon. Yes, actually swoon with millions of other admirers.

To him I am only a fan—maybe a little more than that—because I am president of one of the fastest growing "Swoon" clubs in the country.

Have I spoken to him? Yes, I have, which makes me just the slightest bit closer to him. Sure, he's posed for pictures for me and given me one of his million dollar smiles when I thanked him for it. He's a regular fellow and would go out of his way to please one of his fans.

I understand he is now in Hollywood to make pictures. Now I'll be dating him on the screen at the movies on Saturday nights.

Who am I speaking of? By now you ought to know it could be none other than the swoon boy himself—Frank Sinatra.

ANN TROIANO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

See these nice, soft hands?

Fighting the War in the kitchen sink!

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PHOTO BELOW *shows results of test.* Hand at left did *not* use Hinds before dipping into dirty oil. Grime still clings to it, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!



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Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc.—and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

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Preston Foster's Diary of "Guadalcanal Diary"

Continued from page 25

May 12: Quite a jump. I'm forgetting already. Been filling out questionnaires by the dozens lately before leaving. I've given out my age, birthplace, facts about my relatives, occupations I've held for the last five years, etc. Then I was finger-printed. All this detail is necessary since we're going to be working directly with the United States Marines on Camp Pendleton and also with the Army and Navy—and they won't take chances on anyone, even actors. I hear that the Marine Corps allowed us to use its property on Pendleton and to use its men only after the script had been approved.

May 16: Arrived at Carlsbad, ninety miles from Hollywood, today and found Tony Quinn, director Lew Seiler, Bill Bendix (a great guy), Lloyd Nolan, and the rest of the cast here ahead of me. Checked in at the Carlsbad Hotel where the cast is staying and then I went over to Camp Pendleton to get my badge which will admit me to the post. Pendleton is a tremendous place. It covers over 205,000 acres.

May 17: Saw the beach and Henderson Field sets today. They are impressive! The crew from the studio came down a couple of weeks before and built the sets. They brought over 200 huge palm trees to be used on the beach and airport sets. They also built a replica of the actual village on Guadalcanal near Henderson Field. We'll do most of our shooting on that set, I hear. The detail was amazing. Everything was complete—the fox holes, the anti-aircraft guns, the thatched huts, and even the various signs hung around: "Mo-Skeet-O Flats," "Lovers Lane," "Edgewater Beach Hotel" (hung over a dugout), and a gun emplacement of sandbags with the sign: "Through These Portals Pass the Fastest Marines in the World." These same names were to be seen around the actual village on Guadalcanal, I understand.

Did the first scene today on the beach—the Matanikau landing. (Matanikau is a village on Guadalcanal, formerly held by the Japs.)

May 18: Bill, Lloyd, and I have been kidding each other about our parts. When Bill heard I was doing the priest, he wouldn't believe it. And when he heard me do my first scene with the Irish accent and all, he roared with laughter. "Pres is the only guy in the picture who's not Irish," Bill said to Lloyd, "and he has the lousiest Irish accent I ever heard." Then he added kiddingly, "No fooling, Pres, you aren't going to play the whole thing that way?" Later today, Bill had a close-up so I got even with him by telling him how hammy he was. Seriously, though, Bill and Lloyd are great actors and swell fellows and they're grand to work with.

We've been working with the Marines for several days now and all of us actors have been having a brand new experience. We coordinate our shooting schedule with the regular training schedule of the Marines. We are not allowed to interfere with the training of the men in any way. But the Marine officers—and the officers of the Army and Navy—felt that the experience the men would gain in the picture in working on actual landing operations and in simulated combat would be invaluable. It was this factor that helped the studio to get permission to use the men. We are not only using the men from the Marines, Army, and Navy, though, we are also using all government equipment. There is not a single prop in the picture. All the trucks, the 60 jeeps, the tanks, the Higgins boats, the amphibious boats, the guns, bullets, fighter planes, bombers and knives that we are using in the picture are Marine, Army and Navy equipment. Even in the eating scenes, we use the regular food rations given to men on actual campaigns. Our corpsmen are real first aid men. And I've learned today that all surgical instruments that we will need for the hospital scenes are to be furnished by the Medical Corps of the Navy. We had planned to use props, but the Marine doctors said "No." They are so anxious for everything to be authentic they are even going to perform the operations in the picture themselves. There has never been such a completely authentic picture made!

May 19: The weather has been pretty cloudy—hope the Chamber of Commerce doesn't read this—and we're behind schedule. We waited for the sun to come out today and spent the time playing ball with the Marines. The actors won! We're still on the Henderson Field set, right by the regular landing field. It's a dusty place with flies and more flies. Bill, Lloyd, and Tony are going to try to get a tent so they can have some place to play gin rummy. But no cards for me! I'm going to soak in the sun. I'm well burned already.

The Marines are getting quite a kick out of working in the picture. They are terrific fans. Lloyd, Bill, and I have been trying to sleep in the dugouts when we aren't working, but the Marines come by and ask us for autographs and ask such questions, "What makes a star?" They are grand fellows!

May 20: Talked to several Marine heroes today. One was Sgt. Lou Hart, who is now discharged because of physical disabilities. He told me he was on the docks at Pearl Harbor on December 7. He had planned to meet his girl at eight that morning, have breakfast, and then go for a swim at Waikiki with her. But the Japs changed his plans. He went right on doing his work even when they came over. Before they had left, he had bullets in one arm, shrapnel in a leg, and an arm broken in four places by flying timber.

Then there was Private Bill Peyton, an 18-year-old kid, who was on Guadalcanal. He used to work at Universal in the publicity department. He was in the Battle of the Ridge and Battle of Tenaru. He had several shrapnel wounds and was shot by a sniper, the bullet passing just above his heart.

But of all the Marines I talked to, the most vivid impression of what the battles on Guadalcanal did to our boys came from Corp. Andrew Barrett. He was in the Battle of the Ridge, the Battle of Tulagi, and the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Battles of Matanikau. He was a thin, very nervous kid, but he had done a very heroic thing on Tulagi. He would only tell me about his experience when I pressed him. He and two other Marines, Master Gunnery Sgt. Goss and Sgt. Letho, had volunteered to get some Japs out of a cave. First, they dug a hole on top of the cave and put in 15 pounds of dynamite. They set the charge off and still the Japs—those who were left—wouldn't come out. Then they charged straight at the cave and threw in a bundle of TNT. The Japs promptly threw the dynamite out. One stick exploded under Goss' legs and threw him in the air. (He lived, though.) Barrett and Letho then went ahead and finally were able to blow the Japs out. Barrett said that the naval shellings were far worse on the men than the air raids. While he

was in action for four months, he experienced 75 shellings. His job was communication and reconnaissance. He checked the dead and wounded as they were brought back from the firing line. He was in the heat of every battle and was almost always among the first to attack.

Not much work today. Bed early—about nine.

May 21: We went out to the boat basin today to shoot a scene where a Jap sub supposedly chases two landing boats. Sky still overcast. Some of the Marines were getting bored with working in the picture. Either they wanted to go overseas and into real action or they simply said, "Glad I'm not an actor. It's sure monotonous." Of course, there were some boys who got a big kick out of working with us. Corp. Bob Dern, a good-looking Marine, was one who was so excited he kept saying, "No one will ever believe I was in this picture." When he was given a line to say, he was really thrilled. Those boys who did get a thrill out of working in a picture were really something! One kid pushed Lloyd aside during a scene today. As he went by, he said, "Excuse me, Mr. Nolan, but I've told my friends I'm in the picture and they can't see me through you." Another boy was reluctant to fall flat at the order, "Hit the deck," during a sniping scene. "I'm going to stay right out in the open," he explained. "I told my girl I was in this picture and she's going to see me—or else!"

May 22: Up at the unheard of hour of 6:15—and I'm a guy who likes to sleep. Still cloudy—no chance to shoot till later—but we had to go out. I decided I'd get some sleep in a dugout while I was waiting to do a scene at the airport but the company was setting off explosions continually—and they were getting nearer to me. I had to get up finally.

The minute the sun came out, we got ready to do a scene where the Marines are marching through the jungles. Before we went in front of the camera, the make-up man squirted some studio-made sweat on us. A couple of Marines were standing by watching. One said, "Ha! The way *we* work, the sweat takes care of itself."

An impressive scene. Hundreds of Marines all marching past the camera. These boys are really rugged. That's what impresses me about them. They can take it. They're afraid of nothing. And they all swear by the Marine Corps.

Have been watching 16-year-old Richard Jaeckel, who plays *Chicken* in the picture. He is a good actor and should go places. This is his first picture. He was a mail boy at the studio and was chosen for the part because he looked exactly like the type for the baby-faced Marine. Dick is quite an eater! For lunch today, he went back on the truck with the Marines and ate with them. Then he came back on the set and stood in line with us and had another lunch. Soon he was back again for a second helping. And it is not at all unusual for young Marine to eat two or three dinners.

Bill, Lloyd, and I have gotten hep to a lot of the Marine lingo. When we want someone to pass the sugar and cream, it's "Down the side-arms." Coffee is "Joe" and sugar is "sand." There's still a lot more for us to learn.

Called my home before I went to bed tonight. Everybody fine. Stephanie gave me all the details about the cows and horses.

May 23: The tent arrived on the set today after Lloyd put the heat on our producer, Bryan Foy. When Bill, Lloyd, Tony, and John Archer—who is also in the cast—went into the tent, they found Marines piled on the two cots that had been placed inside. Gradually, the Marines



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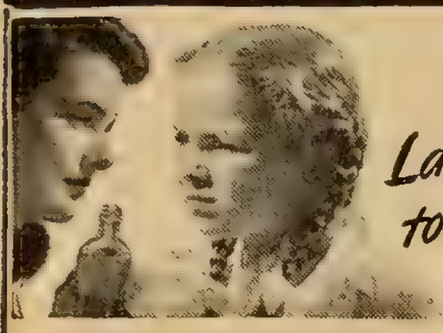
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left and the four began to play gin-rummy. They are the noisiest gin rummy players I ever knew. I couldn't sleep.

Some Marines were asked to volunteer to play Japs for a scene today. I use the word, "asked" advisedly. Normally, a Marine officer (and Marine officers direct their men in all their scenes) would give a command and that would be that. But in the case of a Marine impersonating a Jap —well, that was something the officers felt should be optional with each man. However, after some delay we finally found enough Marines who would play Japs, to complete the scene.

After this, there was another delay because the big 24's kept flying around interfering with the sound track. When all was quiet, we got ready. Bill, Dick, Nolan, and I were supposed to jump into a fox hole with some Marines. Bill looked at it and said, "We can't all get in there." So we asked Lieut. James Hurlbut, our technical adviser about it. He said a whole squad has gotten into a fox hole on Guadalcanal, so we surely could. Then I asked him whether I should go in first since I was playing a captain or whether Dick should be the first since he was a private. Jimmy Hurlbut settled it by saying, "On Guadalcanal, it wasn't what rank you had that decided who got in a fox hole first. It was which of you ran the fastest."

Did a scene this afternoon by the burial ground built on the set. A strangely moving experience. I felt that the boys who were buried on the ground on Guadalcanal might hear that scene.

May 24: Had a chance today to talk to Jimmy Hurlbut. He was on Guadalcanal during all of the action and he had a close-up view of the big naval battle in November when the "San Francisco" was damaged and Admiral Callahan was killed. He discussed the prototypes of the parts we were playing. Father Donnelly, he said, was really Father Reardon. Tony Quinn was actually playing Platoon Sgt. Alton Few, even though the name of his character was *Jesus Alvarez* in the picture. Jimmy said that the Marines who knew Few have said that Tony was more like Few than Few was himself. Lloyd is portraying Gunnery Sgt. John M. (Hook) Moran from Brooklyn. I asked Lieut. Hurlbut about some of the heroes on Guadalcanal. He said, "There were 20,000 heroes out there." He said the biggest problem during the campaign was getting the daily quotas of quinine to the men on the front line. When things got really tough, an order went out that no man was to leave the front with a fever under 102. "As it was," Jimmy said, "few left unless they had a fever of 105 or over. A very small percentage of men died of malaria over there. The only bad part of it was that the disease impaired the men's fighting ability because it left them weak."

May 27: Been forgetting the diary again. Not much happened though. Today, six aces from Guadalcanal arrived. They are going to fly the six Grumman Wildcat Fighters that we're going to use in the landing scene a few days off. The aces are: Major Robert E. Galer—shot down 13 Jap planes and was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor; Major Marion E. Carl—15 planes and has the Navy Cross; Major D. D. Irwin—the Distinguished Flying Cross—3 planes; Capt. Kenneth D. Frazier—11 Nips and a half—he said he shared half of one plane with another pilot; Capt. George L. Hollowell—7 planes and has the Distinguished Flying Cross; and Capt. Fred E. Gutt—4 to his credit and was given the Purple Heart.

I watched these men flying around the landing field today and over the village. They dove so low that they almost knocked off the fronds of the trees. Everybody was unconsciously ducking. I decided that the next time one came over, I'd be brave and not duck. A pilot flew over me about that time. Capt. Hollowell, who was standing near me, ducked. I didn't. I said very proudly later, "You ducked—and I didn't." Hollowell replied, "I know that guy better than you do. You're lucky he didn't shave you."

June 1: No spectacular scenes in the last few days. I got a big thrill out of one today. I did a scene in the hospital where I read Admiral Halsey's actual words to a boy who was supposed to have been blinded.

" . . . . . In deep appreciation to you for a job superbly done, and knowing full well that you will win again and again unto victory, we say, 'God bless you all.' . . ."

What a thrill those words gave me—his entire message, for that matter!

When I came back from lunch today I saw a couple of stunt men around with whom I had become friendly. I said, "Hello" to them but they ignored me. I couldn't understand why. When I walked over to my motorcycle, which I always use to get back and forth from the set to the hotel, I saw the reason for their silence. Plastered all over it were copies of headlines from a Los Angeles paper: "Preston Foster Scorns Stunt Men," the headlines read. Then I saw the article—also pasted on the cycle. It was a story saying that I had refused to let the stunt men double for me.

The stunt men, who are all practical jokers, tried to get back at me by wiring a prop bomb—not dangerous but plenty noisy—to my motorcycle, but before I got on it to go back to the hotel, a Marine came up and told me quietly what they had done. They were quite surprised when I fixed it so their bomb wouldn't go off. They had put a second bomb on that I didn't know about. Fortunately, it didn't go off. When the stunt men came over to investigate, it suddenly went off in their faces. It was a big laugh all around.



Dorothy McGuire, star of the new motion picture, "Claudia," which is also the rôle she created on Broadway, recently became the bride of John Swope, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Swope of New York, with Capt. James Stewart of the U. S. Army Air Corps and Frances Starr, stage and screen star, acting as best man and matron of honor. The wedding reception took place in the gardens of the Brentwood, California, home of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward (Margaret Sullavan).

June 3: Lloyd had a narrow escape today. He and Eddie Acuff were doing a scene in which several men were being attacked by snipers. Lloyd was lying down behind a log. Eddie was shooting from behind a tree. The call went out, "Hit the deck." Eddie fell to the ground with his gun. Through some mistake, the gun was cocked and when it hit the ground, it went off. The bullet—a live one—tore past Lloyd missing his forehead by only a few inches. It hit the log and tore a big hole in it.

June 5: 43 Members of the Order of the Friars Minor from the San Luis Rey Mission, led by Father Leonard, visited me today. Years ago, their mission was located on the grounds of Camp Pendleton.

June 7: Actors are accused of being blasé, sometimes, but got a whale of a kick out of a scene we made today. It was the one in which the Marines lower the Japanese flag and raise the Stars and Stripes over Henderson Field. Felt like cheering when the Rising Sun came down; cheering still more when our own flag went up. It was a small flag that first flew over Guadalcanal, you know. It had been carried over half the world by a Lieut. E. J. Snell, who dreamed of seeing it raised over captured territory. Well, his dream came true.

June 10: Missed some more days. All the same, though—same dirt, same flies. We spent today watching the pilots in Grumman Wildcats flying around. It was so hot that Dick, Lloyd, Tony, some Marines and I decided to go in swimming—a la nude. This seemed okay as we were away from everything. We had been in a few minutes when we saw a girl coming on the set. And then we caught Jimmy Hurlbut taking our clothes away. There was nothing for us to do but stay in the water until the girl left. Jimmy will pay for that!

June 12: I'll never forget this day. I think we filmed one of the greatest scenes of all time today. We did the scene where the Marines land on Guadalcanal. We had 750 Marines fully equipped with every type of weapon employed on such an expedition; 22 landing boats manned by U. S. Navy crews; the 6 Grumman fighters; and the 30 actors. The action was plotted by Lieut. Col. A. J. Dyess, who led the Marines; Commander Paul Laferty, in charge of the boats and Major R. E. Galer, who led the flyers.

The scene began with the planes flying over at a terrific speed. They were followed by a tremendous series of explosions along the beach in imitation of a barrage from warships supposedly standing off shore and out of sight. Then a gas tank was set afire, sending sheets of flame into the sky. The first wave of Marines, 350 in 20 boats, swept in next, the planes strafing the beach and zooming so low over them that I thought they would be sure to hit the men's helmets. Eight minutes later, the second wave came. The operation was shot according to military tactics and was completed in an amazingly short time. It was so realistic that Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, who was visiting us that day with Bogie, practically had hysterics.

I thought I was going to get a ride in one of the boats but I was told that the actors would only be seen getting out of them as they landed. I raised a fuss and finally Lieut. Dominic said I could try landing one when they reshot the scene later. I had had experience with boats anyway. After lunch, Lieut. Dominic got up before the 800 present and announced, "Mr. Foster will now land a boat." I suddenly got stage-fright. I looked around for some stunt men to go with me. They had dis-

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appeared. I asked Bill and Lloyd. They laughed at me. Then some Marines came over and said they'd take the chance. Outside of hitting the surf the wrong way and having all of us thrown about, I did bring her in fairly well. At least, Lieut. Dominic said so.

Before we left, we filmed the scene where 1000 soldiers from Camp Callan portrayed the Army who comes to relieve the Marines on Guadalcanal. This has been a terrific day!

June 15: We're thinking of nothing but that we're actually going out on a Navy transport scene in a few days to film the scenes on the ship. Our contact man, Clarence Hutson, got the ship by agreeing to work in coordination with the crew who were going off on a practice cruise. What a job he has done!

June 18: Marines and the Navy have been checking up on our records before issuing credentials that will permit us to go on the transport. Still doing scenes at Henderson Field in the meantime.

June 22: We finally left at 5:30 this morning. Got to San Diego and were all ready to be taken aboard a jeep lighter and out to the ship when Dick Jaeckel found he had left his credentials behind. It looked for a while as though he'd be left but we at last got the okay for him to come. The news in the paper this morning was that 9 Jap subs had been sunk off the Pacific Coast. And we were going to be in submarine territory. We were all a little jittery. Bill a little more nervous because he had never been out on a ship in his life. The men with families were especially quiet—and worried.

Got out on the ship and were told where the life jackets were kept—just in case. And then we counted the life-boats. The ship we were on had been in Guadalcanal and had actually landed Marines on Tulagi and on Guadalcanal. She had been bombed, strafed, and shot at by artillery. Once a bomb made a near miss at her stern on the starboard side.

I was surprised to see how she had been so completely rebuilt from a passenger liner to a ship of war. Immediately, we all wanted to ask questions. We soon learned by the abrupt answers we got to certain questions that there were things that could not be discussed for military reasons.

Bill, Lloyd, and Tony went below to play gin rummy. Those guys! I stayed out in the sun and went up on the bridge to talk to the Captain.

June 23: We have been zig-zagging ever since we left the harbor yesterday. We had a thrill this A. M. Tony Quinn was looking out over the sea. Suddenly, he yelled, "I see a periscope out there!" We looked and sure enough there was one. Excitement reigned for a minute. No wonder we were zig-zagging. Finally, we were told it was an American sub. Some moments, those!

I stayed on board tonight. Some of the others went back to the hotel after we docked. Bunk was comfortable but it was stuffy below.

June 24: Did the scene this morning in which I conduct general services for the crew on the way out to Guadalcanal. Capt. W. A. Maguire, chaplain's corps and one of the heroes of Pearl Harbor, came to see if all was handled properly. He is said to have been the man who originated the phrase: "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" but he denies it and wants to forget the whole thing. He was awarded the Navy Cross for his work on that day. The Marines in the scene, even though it's all for a movie, seem very moved by the sermon I read. There is a strong religious feeling among the boys.

June 25: Staying on board has its advantages. I can sleep so much longer than those who come aboard every morning. Day started by anti-aircraft gun practice today. What shots those boys were! Did a scene with the Marine quartet where we sang songs and others joined in gradually.

June 26: Tried to shoot in the harbor today. Too much noise. So took time out to enjoy the terrific Navy food on board.

June 28: Weather is beautiful now. Played the ship's organ. Did the scene today where the Marines go down the net on the side of the ship and into the Higgins boats below. We actors mixed up with the Marines and went through the same actions. All was done with split-second timing and the boat was unloaded in three minutes. Martin Black, one of the cast, almost had his legs chopped off today when one of the Higgins boats bounced up and narrowly missed his legs as he was climbing down the net.

June 29: Got a print of "Roger Touhy" and showed it to the boys on board. A very different rôle, that, from the Padre I'm playing now. Left the ship today. All transport scenes finished. Sorry.

June 30: Took a beating tonight at the hotel after doing more scenes at Henderson Field. In the midst of high-ranking Navy and Army officers I was presented—by General Fegan—with a campaign bar nine inches long and four inches wide. It also had three stars on it. General Fegan said one was for my landing the boat that day; one was for the Battle of Aliso Canyon (a location spot): and one was for the Battle of the Carlsbad Hotel. After making a flowery speech, he kissed me on both cheeks.

July 1: Bill and Lloyd went out today to do some cave scenes for the Battle of Tulagi. I was glad I didn't have to go. When they got back tonight, they told me that it had been SOME day. Live explosions kept going off all around them. They, with 100 Marines, had to climb up a 45 degree angle hill through live ammunition. And the hill was infested with red ants, the kind that have been known to eat a human body clean in three days. Their hands were filled with tiny thorns from some plant on the hill. They did say how marvelous the stunt men were in their falls—one man fell 50 feet, another 40. There were a couple of accidents too. One man was bitten by a scorpion—but no one was bitten by a rattlesnake and there were plenty about. A cave roof fell on one member of the crew and broke three of his ribs and he also had a concussion. Corp. Bob Dern, the Marine I had met, took his helmet off at the wrong time and was cut on the head when an explosion went off near him and a rock hit him. As for Bill and Lloyd they were completely exhausted.

July 7: Wound up a few incidental scenes and left for home. Have more work to do at the studio but nothing exciting. I'm glad to be on my way home. But the picture has been a thrilling experience. This is a picture of FACT. It is not fiction. Its cost will run up to $2,000,000 or over. It has taken longer to make than it took the Marines to take Guadalcanal. But it's a real contribution from Hollywood to the war effort. I hope audiences share my enthusiasm. After all, the United States Marines have a century-old record that every American is proud of. And "Guadalcanal Diary" is their picture. As Bill Bendix said to me the day we began shooting, "Pres, this picture is bigger than any of us actors. You know that, don't you?"

I told him, yes, I knew it. But if I hadn't then, I know it now!

(Editor's Note: Preston Foster's Diary Was Edited By Jack Holland.)

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 58

REMEMBER the horn-rimmed vixen in "Major and the Minor"? Her name is Diana Lynn and she has grown into a lovely young lady. She now gets a big buildup at Paramount, starting with "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." She's a younger and warmer Margaret Sullavan, if ever we saw one. All this and stardom too. Wait and see.

HER studio is definitely bewildered by Veronica Lake. Naturally she was shocked when prematurely born Anthony Detlie passed away. But now that she seems better, she still doesn't want to return to work. If she isn't strong enough, of course the studio understands. If it's a part she considers subordinate to Loretta Young's in the same picture, that's another story.

UNLESS there is a last minute change, Virginia Bruce will be Ronald Colman's leading lady in "Kismet." When she returned to M-G-M to test for the rôle, Virginia was more nervous than she was ten years ago when they signed her as an unknown stock girl. But in those days she didn't face the camera with the memory of Jack Gilbert and J. Walter Ruben, both of whom she met on the M-G-M lot.

BY the time this is printed, John Wayne will be a member of the United States Army. He has provided for his wife and four children. Now he wants to serve his country and forget the unhappy condition of his domestic life. He's hoping there will be a reconciliation waiting when he comes marching home again.

NO less an authority than L. B. Mayer (the beeg boss at M-G-M!) predicts that Ginny Simms is headed straight for stardom. Right now she's awfully nervous in front of the camera—especially when there are crowds of extras on the set. Thanks to George Murphy playing opposite her, she is getting plenty of encouragement. George is patient and understanding during the long rehearsal periods that *he* doesn't need. But George remembers the time when he did. Ginny will long remember him.

RAY MILLAND and his wife decided quite suddenly one night that they wanted to dine out at The Players. When they arrived the parking lot attendant said he thought the place was filled up. Mrs. Milland remained in the car just long enough for Ray to dash in and find the head waiter. During that split second, a Hollywood columnist, noted for her acid tongue, saw Ray come in alone. The very next day she printed the exclusive "scoop" of the Millands' separation. Wonder how much longer Hollywood is going to take this kind of treatment from its very own?

BETTE DAVIS occupies *the* five-room suite on the Warner lot. Before Bette, Paul Muni had it. Before Paul, it was occupied by Ruth Chatterton. Actually, Bette doesn't go in it twice a month. She prefers the simple one-room portable dressing room that stands on her set. When Bette heard the studio had signed Joan Crawford, she wanted them to turn the big suite over to Joan. But the big bosses felt that Bette was the number one star on the lot, therefore, she must keep the number one suite. Anyway, it was a nice and sincere gesture on Bette's part.

THE Tragic Truth



This is not a story for smug complacent wives! It is for you who cherish happiness . . . and seek to keep it

PEOPLE were talking . . . about how young Mrs. Smith had changed! In fact, how the Smith marriage had changed!

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The truth was that lovely young Mrs. Smith was losing her husband's love . . . the tragic part was she didn't know why!

DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

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8 Points for a Bachelor Girl

Continued from page 27

It sounded like pretty heavy stuff, coming from such a smooth article as Lynn, but there was no doubt as to her meaning when she waded into point No. 1.

"To begin with, as they say—you've got to have a beginning, you know." She laughed, a little confused and afraid that I might be bored with her seriousness. (Consideration for others is covered by her Point No. 3). But I assured her I wanted to hear her through, and she let me have it. "Well," she continued, "a girl like myself first has to determine just where she stands in life in relation to those around her. And when she does figure out her true social status she has to make up her mind to do the best she can with what she has. *Learn To Live Alone And Like It,* therefore, is my first point. I know that covers a multitude of things, but to me it means only this—never fret about anything; if you don't like things as they are do something about it. Don't just go on putting it off in the hope that a fairy godmother is going to wave a wand and change your plight.

"If you have a problem, write down the several solutions you think might be practicable in solving it, and then try them out, one by one. Almost invariably, if you have given the matter any serious consideration at all you will find a way out. As far as I'm concerned this makes life a sort of game, and if you play it on the level with yourself at least you will never be bored even if you do live all by your lonesome.

"My second point is on the mundane side, but it is extremely important. It is, *Make a Budget and Stick to It.* You might be thinking this would be no problem at all on a movie star's salary, but just the reverse is true. I have seen and heard of too many young fortunes taking wings, so to speak, in this town. And I don't intend to let that happen to my modest bankroll.

"Our salaries out here have been whittled down considerably by taxes, too, and by the time I finish paring by budget of all the essentials the actual net income is not as astronomical as the public has been led to believe. That is the reason why I took this smaller place. It is so easy for a movie personality to go overboard by setting up a large home. Look around you and you will see that even this isn't half decorated and furnished." It was true. In the large front living room there were no drapes to cover the bare venetian blinds. And in the small parlor just off that room, where we were seated, the window coverings were not finished and fell too far down on the floor.

"I'm having things like that fixed as I go along," exclaimed Lynn. "Of course priorities have something to do with it in certain instances, but anyone knows you can still get things if you want to pay the price. I have no choice but to wait and pick up bargains as I find them if I want to stay within my budget. And since my whole plan would be thrown off kilter if I didn't, I'm doing it the Bari way." Lynn wasn't kidding, either. The front room looked as empty as a hiring hall, with only two chairs and a divan in it. "I even found it handy recently that I didn't have too much furniture in there," she added with a chuckle. "One night I had forty guests over, and I don't know where I would have put them if the living room had been cluttered up with furniture. They sat on the floor or just stood, but we all had fun and the informality seemed to make everyone feel at home."

The mention of guests brought on Point No. 3, *Keep Your Troubles at Home and Don't Burden Other People With Them.* "If there is anything that can make a bachelor girl unpopular and talked-about in a disparaging way," elaborated Lynn, "it is the habit of running to this friend and that friend with a continual tale of woe. This point really goes back to Point No. 1, because if you learn to live alone gracefully you will know better than to air your troubles—great or small. I repeat, that I always find the right answer by dragging out the old pencil and paper and writing down possible solutions to be acted on as soon as I can get to them. This method is really like talking a problem out with someone else, or in a sense, like talking to yourself. Only in this case you won't drive yourself nutty, as the habit of talking to one's self is said to do."

After this came Point No. 4, *Return Social Obligations Cheerfully and Gracefully.* "So often we find ourselves being hypocrites and grumbling about our social obligations," said Lynn. "We get off guard and run up a list of them, and then half break our necks trying to pay off. It probably will sound very tiresome to you, but I'm afraid I'll have to harken back to the thought of a budget to explain how I take care of this one. Any girl, it appears to me, has to be careful not to allow her circle of intimate friends to widen to the degree where she has to neglect entirely a single one of them. I try to be unselfish about it before I accept invitations by asking myself if the person doing the inviting will really get any pleasure out of having me along. And naturally I ask myself if I think *I* will have fun.

"Occasionally I come to the conclusion that it is simply aimless to accept certain invitations. And in such a case—why not stay at home? My Point No. 4 is covered if I ask myself the question—'Will I look forward to returning the hospitality that this particular host or hostess is offering me?' And if I don't think I will I check it off, because it is a bad bargain to begin with.

"And in these days the bachelor girl is really up against it when it comes to entertaining where food is involved. In order to have friends in for dinner I have to take my meals out for a week, just to provide the extras for one night with guests at home. Of course you can always take people out to a restaurant, but there again the budget rears its ugly head."

Having reached the half-way mark in explaining her little plan of living, Lynn stopped short and decided she was violating Point No. 3. "I'm sounding like a Pollyanna," she protested, "and besides, I'm dwelling on my personal problems. So let's skip the rest of it." But I reassured her that she is known far and wide in Hollywood as being anything but a *Pollyanna.* And I felt a little flattered, in view of her objections, when she finally consented to complete the story of her own personal method of keeping her feet on the ground.

"All right," she said after a pause, "I'll promise to tell you all if I can keep you from yawning through Point No. 5. Any man should be bored to distraction hearing a girl talk about her clothes problems. This is mighty important to a female, you know, and given enough encouragement she will go on and on.

"Anyway, here is No. 5—*Look Well at All Times.* Now that is really in order, Mister, especially in this day and time. And the bachelor girl who doesn't want to stay that way all her life had better look to her knitting on this one. It's amazing, when

you come to think of it, but the real ambition of every normal bachelor girl is to stop being one some day to become a successful wife and mother.

"But here we go back to that budget again, or rather—two budgets, involving both the allotment of time and money. In order to cover my financial budget I take care of my own clothes, and of course in my job clothes are highly important. I have found it smart in economy as well as in styles, to lean to the simpler tastes. I have to allow for several changes for going out, so that I will have enough clothes not to be repetitious. This involves re-making or re-doing some dresses, and I think it is very smart for any girl to do this now. You can buy an extra War Bond or two by cutting occasional corners.

"Usually, when I come home after a hard day's work at the studio and plan to spend an evening at home, I slip into a slack suit, as you see me now. And I often wear the same kind of outfit to work. But you have to be careful about choosing duds like these because you can so easily look bedraggled even before you arrive where you are going. The point is that a girl has to watch her dress at all times, regardless of what it is. If there is anything to that old adage that clothes make the man, you can just triple it where a girl is concerned."

Up until now Lynn had steered entirely clear of the man problem, but as she dismissed Point No. 5, she warned me that she was going to let me have it with both barrels on the next two precepts of her code. "Go ahead," I told her, "I've been waiting for this."

"Point No. 6," she continued, "is—*Make Men Real Friends, not Just Sweethearts.* Now this is really something! It often requires more tact than you can muster—and then some. But it is so highly important if you are really going to find that eventual man who will become your steady boyfriend and possibly your husband! The surest way to discover whether a man likes you is to find out if he enjoys you as a purely mental companion instead of just someone to gad around with. If a man is content merely to sit around talking to you about his work, his hobbies or the fine points of living, you know he is on the way to becoming a good friend. And if one evening leads to a series of such dates you can feel that either you are a clever girl or he is interested in something more than your feminine wiles. The chances are in favor of the latter.

"This calls for a girl to be mentally alert, and my rule on this point embraces the necessity of knowing what is going on in the world, and if possible—why. It isn't as difficult for a busy bachelor girl as you might think, either. I find it more a pleasure than a social necessity, for example, to read the current best-sellers. And in this respect, I'm probably more fortunate than most working girls because I'm able to sandwich my reading in between my acting. When I'm not needed on the set I spend a certain amount of time in my dressing room reading, and I have found it has become a pleasant habit.

"As for keeping up with world affairs—that's a cinch. What with the publishing business being boiled down practically to a science, it is easy for a person to get the grasp of world affairs by reading two or three well-chosen weekly publications. I set aside a certain amount of time each week to catch up with the world in this manner."

Lynn told me in advance that Point No. 7 embraces practically her entire code, that, in fact, it is just about the most important one of the lot to any bachelor girl. You can draw your own conclusions, but

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it seemed that way to us, too. It is simply this—*Lead a Full and Productive Life that Will Bring You Eventually to Marriage with the Right Man.* "I really don't have to worry about this one," she went on, "if I'm perking well on the first six. But I throw it in just as a reminder and to be frank with myself that the final aim of every unmarried girl is to settle down in marriage with the *one* man. But even if a girl isn't thinking of marriage, a full and productive life is essential to happiness. No one wants to be a 'droop,' as the kids say, and the best way to prevent this is to stay occupied with life in general.

"Here again I have my own peculiar problem. I always have to live down the fact that I'm a movie actress when I meet men, and believe me, it's no easy job. People have a stand-offish attitude toward a girl in my position. A lot of them have chips on their shoulders, and when most of them meet you they seem to be saying: 'Now just try to be a plain human being. I dare you.'"

The eighth and final point is another all-embracing one. "I'll really have to be careful not to be a Pollyanna on this one," Lynn said, "but I don't think you will feel that way about me if you recall that this is just another one of my own personal commandments. And besides, this is the first time I ever told anyone about my eight points and I'm sorta telling you under coercion.

"But here comes No. 8—*Be Above All Reproach in Your Private Living.* Standards haven't changed from the Victorian, Civil War or any other era. Moral values are fixed things, and justification to yourself, to your associates and to society in general will forever bear the same stamp. The girl who ignores conventions and other demands made by society always hurts herself and often others. Girls with so-called 'double standards' miss real life, charming and full as it can be, and when they are finally left alone it is a long, hard row back."

Having extracted this design for living from her, point by point, I would like to add my own opinion of Lynn to allay her fears that anyone might think she is too serious about life. Actually, my evening with her was completely refreshing. As I started out to say, you never can tell about a pretty face, and it is really an experience to find a girl in her position who has thought out such a workable and effective plan of meeting life.

And does it work? Well, Lynn is now the most promising feminine star on the 20th Century-Fox lot. She came up the hard way, experiencing many heartaches and disappointments. She is also a favorite with everyone at the studio, which means she didn't step on people as she climbed the slippery ladder of success.

But the most important proof that her *Eight Points* carry weight is that she has achieved the ultimate of a successful bachelor girl. Later this year Lynn will become the bride of Sid Luft, the Douglas test pilot, and that's why she is passing along her ideas about living alone to other girls. And already she is giving serious thought to a sequel for her *Eight Points.* It will be called—*Bridal Code.*

They're No Softies!

Continued from page 35

sleeper any more than we could." He yawned, stretching his arms. Then—"Martha, where are you going?" But Martha was already speeding down the aisle.

"It *is* Brenda Joyce, see?" she returned triumphantly, waving an envelope. She handed it to her husband to examine the autograph she'd just procured.

Could it really be Brenda Joyce—or a "poser"? My eyes popped open. Film stars travel in compartments—drawing rooms, luxuriously insuring privacy from the public! Really, are movie stars, with the rest of us, reduced to sitting up all night on day coaches? True, I was being initiated in this "all-night-ordeal," myself, because weekend travel was too heavy to secure a last minute reservation. True, there are stories about the movie stars encountering and putting up with all sorts of inconveniences—now that we're at war. But I had supposed those stories to be mainly the mythical musings of press agents.

Suddenly I was on my feet and down the aisle. The next minute Brenda and I were exclaiming in unison: "What on earth are *you* doing here?" A lady riveter, Brenda's seat partner, sociably offered to take my seat for awhile.

"I'm going up to spend the weekend with Owen at Camp Roberts," Brenda said. (Owen is Brenda's husband, Lt. Owen Ward of the U. S. Army.) "I had a reservation, but I didn't get down to the depot to pick it up an hour before train time—and when I did arrive it was sold.

"When I first stepped into this stuffy car tonight, I thought I'd like to pass into a coma—until the trip ends," Brenda laughed. "But my seat partner made me ashamed of the thought. She has saved up for months to take this trip to see her husband at camp. She won't go to sleep. Says she wants to take advantage of every minute of the trip."

"Ma'am! Can't you do something with that baby," a disgruntled man grumbled to the young mother with a two-year-old asleep on her lap and a crying baby in a basket.

"Here—" Brenda was on her feet and across the aisle. Taking a ribbon bow from her hair, she dived into her purse and brought out a badly bent rattle. "I learned this at the baby clinic," she told the surprised mother. "You stretch the ribbon across the top of the basket and let the rattle dangle over the baby. It keeps baby amused." The baby stopped crying to focus its attention on the rattle. Soon it was lulled to sleep.

"There!" Brenda returned triumphantly. "I was taking Pamela Ann's rattle to show Owen. She's four and one-half months now—and getting strong. She had actually bent it out of shape."

"I can just imagine some of our Hollywood glamor girls playing this rôle of sitting up all night with fretting babies and snoring passengers," I laughed.

"Heavens, everyone's doing it!" Brenda returned. "Maybe not exactly what you and I are doing at this moment—but we're all in this war alike. And there isn't a girl in Hollywood who isn't having her share of inconveniences. Even the worst seem petty, when you think of our boys at Guadalcanal.

"Gene Tierney had some amusing experiences in Kansas when she visited Oleg in camp," Brenda continued. "Gene lived in the guest house in camp with the mothers and wives also visiting. There was no privacy. They slept on rows of cots and they took baths in a community shower house.

Gene said she washed out her clothes and Oleg's in the community laundry for guests. And while she was scrubbing away, a lady said, 'You look a bit like Gene Tierney. I hear she is visiting here somewhere.' Gene said she felt so dreadful with perspiration pouring down her forehead, her hands red with suds and the powder melting off her nose that she didn't have the heart to admit who she was. She was Mrs. Cassini—and let it go at that.

A sailor came down the aisle. "Miss Joyce," he began.

"He helped me on the train with my bags," Brenda explained.

"I would like to have you take my berth —so you won't have to sit up all night," he continued. "But the Pullman conductor says it is against regulations, that the next seven cars are all Navy."

"Never you mind," Brenda smiled. "I'm all right. Thank you.

"I'm afraid my hair-do attracts too much attention," Brenda confided. "You see, I wanted to be slightly luscious and gay and glamorous. Like the ads: 'Look beautiful for your soldier husband weekends.' Sitting up all night protects my hair-do."

The lady riveter returned to her seat. "This is my daughter," she said, offering us a snapshot from her purse. "I think she looks just like Brenda Joyce here. She's sixteen. I think she'll get married rather than try movies," the fond mother reflected. "We live near a big bridge that is guarded by soldiers. All of the girls in the neighborhood have married one of 'em but my girl. But she may yet," she added optimistically.

"Owen rented a little cottage for us before the baby came, up near camp." Brenda said. The lady riveter was all interest. "All of the girls in the town are employed at Camp Roberts. I did all of my housework and cooking. 'Butch'—Owen has always called me 'Punk' or 'Butch' since we were juniors in high school—'Butch,' he said, 'you're doing all right! You're the kind of a wife a man can be proud of, can depend on. All of this work and bother, and no complaints.' That made it doubly worthwhile for me," Brenda smiled. "When we were married everyone said that would end my publicity. But now Owen laughs, says that he has actually helped it! Not that he wants to, but every story says, 'whose husband is Lt. Owen Ward of Camp Roberts.' The officers in camp tell me, 'We'd be disappointed if Owen's screen credits weren't in your stories.' Besides, Pamela Ann was the first war baby in movie circles. That just shows you—when anything is right, good comes of it. Because everyone thought I was messing up my career by marrying.

"Speaking of doing my housework," Brenda added, "one day a superior officer's wife came calling. I was hanging out diapers. She came around to the side of the house and said, 'Young lady, will you please inform Mrs. Ward that I am calling,' she mistook me for the maid I didn't and never did have!"

Brenda got off at Paso Robles. In the early morning dawn we all saw the joyous hugs and kisses she gave to Lt. Ward.

"Film stars aren't nearly so stuck-up as you'd suppose, are they," the lady ahead remarked as the train pulled on. "That Brenda Joyce wasn't putting on an act for us, either. She was natural and nice."

"How'd you suppose she'd be," her husband said with slight annoyance. "After all, movie stars are just people, same as the rest of us."

Two weeks later I went out to Republic Studios to have lunch with Brenda. She was playing the lead in "Thumbs Up," her first picture since the baby's arrival.

Elsa Lanchester, who plays an air-craft factory worker in London in the picture, joined us. The two girls were wearing regulation factory coveralls in dark blue.

"My trip back was a panic," Brenda laughed, as we referred to our recent train travels. "The train was late. Owen had to report on duty. I had to wait alone in the station. Two boys came over to talk to me. They were dismayed when I began putting my hair up in pin-curls to save time. 'Some girls don't care about glamor,' one said, giving me the final brush-off. 'You should see those movie dames in Hollywood. They'd rather be caught dead than in curlers!'"

"The war is doing fantastic things to people," Elsa said. "Neither Charles nor I drove a car before the war. But chauffeurs and taxis are at a premium. So I took driving lessons and I am now the family chauffeur for the Laughtons.

"When gas rationing came in we had to conserve further," Elsa related, her brown eyes snapping merrily. "We decided on a sensible and economical move—which almost ended in a catastrophe. Charles is making 'Man From Down Under' at M-G-M in Culver City—which is twenty miles south. I am working in North Hollywood, twenty miles north. Our home is at Santa Monica twenty miles west. I work at the Turnabout Theater every night which is between Hollywood and Beverly Hills. The only way to save gas and to

PEBECO PETE SAYS:

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Copr., 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



Of course you're fastidious—but do men turn away when your hair comes too near? Remember that your scalp perspires—and oily hair absorbs unpleasant odors. Check up on your hat, your hairbrush, your pillow.

To be safe, use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It works wonders with hair and scalp odors because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears. Your hair is once more fragrant.

Make sure your hair can stand a "nasal close-up"! You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



PACKERS
Pine Tar
SHAMPOO

see each other was to have a central meeting place. Charles took a room at the Garden of Allah, a half-way place. There we could both rest and bathe and change clothes without so much driving. But what happened? The news went out that Charles had taken a room away from home. Divorce rumors flew thick and fast—making the rounds of the syndicates and gossips until they finally wore themselves out. But they were upsetting—for we've been married fourteen years, and those were the first. All because we were being patriotic!"

That the war is a great common leveler is clearly demonstrated every day. There is no favoritism, no special attention shown screen darlings, nor do they expect it. Actually our most noted glamor girls, accustomed to luxury and homage, are bucking the hardships and taking the gaff of annoyances, much better than a lot of us. They are the ones you seldom hear complain.

Here's a letter from Constance Bennett, the chic, elegant Constance, that brings home the picture of today's predicaments and how our glamor girls meet them.

Connie had taken her two tiny daughters —Gyl, fifteen months, and Linda, five years —to see Lt. Gilbert Roland at Officers' Training School in Florida. "The baby is growing so fast, I don't want Gilbert to miss all of her baby cuteness," Constance said.

"Everyone said, don't travel with two children. What a trip! The well-brought-up Roland children disgraced me all the way across the country. When they weren't screaming, Linda was making love to all the soldiers. I couldn't get the usual reservations. We had an upper berth and a lower berth.

"The baby was screaming because she didn't like her harness on all of the time. But when I put her on the floor to play, the train would come to anything but gentle stops—and she'd bump her nose.

"Bed-time and more screaming—because Gyl was pinned in. She loves her freedom. As soon as I got her to sleep I heard a large conversation going on outside between my eldest and whoever happened to be passing—and sometimes with herself. I opened the curtain to find her head peeking out from above—not between—the upper berth curtain. She was standing straight up, much to the consternation of sleeping passengers.

"We arrived at Kansas City at 5:35 A. M. Got into the station. No porters. So I swung luggage on to the truck manned by one red cap. When the train porter put our stuff off he said, 'This is all one party's.' And I heard the red cap say faintly, 'Gosh aumighty.'

"12 hours in Kansas. Scrub in tub, naps, etc. On to next train. No porters at hotel. 12 minutes to transfer children and bags and all the rest. Got in Miami 7:00 P. M. instead of 3:00 that afternoon. Went to grocery store and cooked dinner. Pops had leased a small house. Pops paid us a visit. 45 minutes was all. He couldn't get off until the following Saturday, and then only four hours."

Annabella relates her—what some people might call a bit fantastic second honeymoon in Santa Barbara when Tyrone had his first leave from boot training with the Marines at San Diego. When gas rationing was first instituted Ty bought a motorcycle and both he and Annabella learned to drive it. Perched on the back of it she and Ty rode to Santa Barbara. Annabella wore a leather coat and leather dungarees, carried a tiny bag slung on her shoulder containing a dress, a pair of shoes, lipstick and compact. They were gone for three days! The maid at their hotel must have been amazed to see the string of lingerie and Ty's socks and undies—which Annabella washed out every night and hung in the bathroom on the towel rack.

Your Cuticle





Wartime busyness is no excuse for rough cuticle. You can soften and loosen cuticle so easily and quickly with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover.

Get a bottle now! Only 10¢—35¢ (plus tax) for the large size.

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● Now at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today. 60c at all drug stores—on a money-back guarantee, or—

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Without obligation, please send me, free and postpaid, Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting illustrated booklet. Check shade wanted.

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If you're really interested in songwriting, you should write for our free booklet. It explains our splendid service plan which new writers praise so highly. Let us help you as we have helped others. Write today for FREE INSPIRING BOOKLET.

ALLIED MUSIC CO., Dept. 10, 204 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio



Hollywood Canteen Celebrates

Continued from page 38

stars, players, writers, directors and secretaries are registered to work as hosts, hostesses, busboys, kitchen crew, and so on. It takes 300 volunteers to operate the Canteen each night and the utmost democracy prevails througout the working forces. There are two shifts, one from 7 o'clock until 9:30, the other from 9:30 until midnight, closing time.

The uniform of any branch of service in the United Nations forces is an admission ticket to the Canteen. All those in civilian dress are helpers or entertainers, duly fingerprinted and registered.

Each night when the doors open at 7 o'clock, there is a crowd of several hundred boys waiting to rush in and start the fun. Everything is free—cigarettes, milk, sandwiches and cake. And there's no limit, they can have as much as they want. Two name bands are on duty each night through the efforts of the Musicians' Mutual Protective Association, Locals 47 and 767, and conservatively estimated this means music worth a million dollars a year. And how the boys do appreciate these bands! Jive is the favorite and they turn thumbs down on all slower rhythms.

The first question they ask is, "What stars will be here tonight?" And they want autographs, then more autographs. Frequently, the Navy boys ask for a picture of their favorite star for their ship.

They all get a big thrill when they enter the Canteen and find Betty Grable, Olivia de Havilland, Joan Leslie, Carole Landis, Greer Garson, Deanna Durbin, Anne Shirley, Belita—the skater who dances divinely, and dozens of other stars acting as hostesses, ready to talk and laugh and dance with anyone who comes along. It doesn't take the servicemen long to respond to the warming spirit of informality.

Many amusing things can happen in an evening. Hedy Lamarr is kept busy autographing, with a line-up that reaches the door. A snappy sailor hands her his white cap and asks that she sign her name on the inside. Then, smacking it on his blond head he exclaims, "See, Hedy Lamarr has gone to my brain!" This brings a roar from the crowd. Another boy, waiting in line, finally reaches her and says, "I've been checking and it takes nine seconds to sign your name. Just hold my hand for nine seconds!"

A grinning soldier rushes up to Irene Dunne, saying, "Hello, Miss Dunne, how are you?" A quick look and Irene parries, "I—I just can't quite place you." "Oh, that's all right," he responds cheerily. "I'm Chris. I painted your house when you built it." *"Chris!"* exclaims Irene. "I've looked high and low for you. I need you desperately to redecorate my guest room." "Okay," replies Chris. "Just wait until my next furlough and I'll paint it for you."

Noticing an R.A.F. cadet staring at her intently, Olivia de Havilland walks over and asks if he's having a good time. "Oh yes," he murmurs breathlessly, "just seeing you is what I want. I'm from the little English town your mother came from. My parents live in the house where she once lived, and I was born there. We're all your ardent fans." Of course, Olivia took him in tow for the remainder of the evening, and the next night he was a dinner guest at her home with other British friends.

A boy comes in with a new gag. He checks a gorgeous gardenia corsage with his cap and at the end of the evening,

America's BEAUTY FAVORITE



$1.-50c-25c-10c

Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE sticks? Because actual use proves its superiority.

Keeps powder on longer.
• *it really does!*

Helps hide lines, blemishes.
• *it really does!*

Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.
• *it really does!*

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HAMPDEN'S powder base is the *cream stick* that really spreads evenly and cleanly . . . is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge . . . won't dry out your skin! Try it — and you'll have lovely make-up always.

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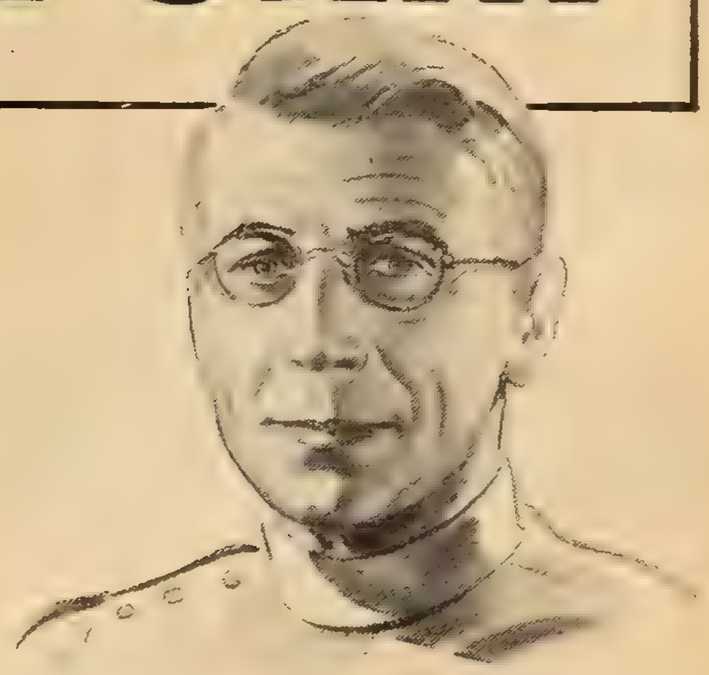


Thousands soothe, help heal ugly, blemished skin* this easy way

• There's no doubt about it—everybody notices a pimply skin. It not only can cause actual discomfort, but can make you feel miserable, self-conscious.

Yet with more people working in war industries, and others working harder at home, it is known that skin troubles, from external causes, are on the increase.

If *your* skin is showing unsightly pimples and irritations, you should know about Noxzema. For Noxzema is a *medicated* formula that contains many medically-recognized ingredients. It not only soothes the irritated skin, but *helps heal* externally-caused pimples and blemishes. It's greaseless, non-sticky.



Doctors and nurses were among the first to discover the effectiveness of Noxzema. It has helped scores of people with pimply skin. Of course, if you have a persistent skin trouble, it may be systemic, and you should consult your doctor. But if you're suffering from pimply, irritated skin from external causes—get Noxzema at any drug counter and start using it today! 35¢, 50¢ & $1 sizes.



*externally-caused

presents the flowers to the girl whose dance he most enjoyed.

As Maureen O'Hara enters the Canteen a sailor rushes up excitedly. "I knew you'd be here," he said. "You just had to be! I've come 3000 miles to see you and I've taken a lot of ribbing from the fellows because I kept saying I knew I'd meet you. They're coming over now to see what's happening." As the group of skeptical buddies surged toward them, Maureen turned to the sailor with her sweetest smile, saying. "Shall we dance? I've been waiting for this."

The stars dress simply, the idea being to look like the girls the boys have left at home. A husky marine keeps dancing with Alexis Smith until she suggests he meet some of the other girls. "Oh no," he says, "I'd be scared stiff to dance with a glamorous movie star. I like a regular girl, like you."

After dancing with Fred Astaire all day at the studio for their picture, "The Sky's the Limit," Joan Leslie pulled herself together and went on to the Canteen to keep her weekly record intact. Toward the last of the evening her soldier partner stopped suddenly, saying, "I thought all movie girls could dance. But *you* certainly can't."

Driving to the Canteen, two servicemen signaled Betty Grable for a ride. As she took them in she asked if they were going to the Canteen. "Not us," they answered. "We aren't fooled. The real movie stars don't go, they send their stand-ins." As Betty let them out her scarf dropped from her head and the light shone full on her face. "Holy snakes!" they chorused. "It's Betty Grable in person—on to the Canteen!"

The girls never trade on their fame and if not recognized, they simply give their first name. Bonita Granville says that at every camp she visited on her recent tour, boys rushed up and using her nickname, greeted her with "Hello, Bun. Remember, you danced with me at the Hollywood Canteen? Gee, but we had a swell time." Bonita added, "This always gives me a thrill for it shows that our wonderful Canteen is weaving a friendly thread throughout our armies."

There was a touch of pathos the night Anne Shirley was dancing with a self-conscious soldier who told her he was sailing the next day. He extravagantly praised her acting, her beauty, and confessed she was his favorite star. Then he asked, "How is your sister Joan?" Anne realized he had mistaken her for Olivia de Havilland, who was not there that night. She couldn't bear to tear down his illusions, so decided not to tell him who she was. Perhaps in some far-away camp a lonely soldier dreams of a dance he had with his idol, Olivia.

Marlene Dietrich efficiently does everything from cutting cake, washing dishes, serving at the snack bar, to doing her turn in the evening shows. The well-known singer, Walter Woolf King, is Master of Ceremonies and arranges special programs for two super-floor shows each night. The Canteen is open Sunday afternoons from two until eight, and there's usually a concert, with John Charles Thomas, Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, and other top singers when they are in town.

Eddie Cantor and George Jessel are regular attractions. Frequently Eddie brings his radio show over from NBC studio. Charlie McCarthy hauls in Edgar Bergen for one of their skits, and Kay Kyser, Red Skelton, Rudy Vallee, Dinah Shore, Betty Hutton, Ginny Simms are others who never forget the Canteen.

The mothers of the film stars take over every Monday night, some seventy or eighty of them, becoming hostesses, kitchen crew and serving at the snack bar. The boys get a terrific bang out of talking

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM?
☐ POWDER?
☐ LIQUID?

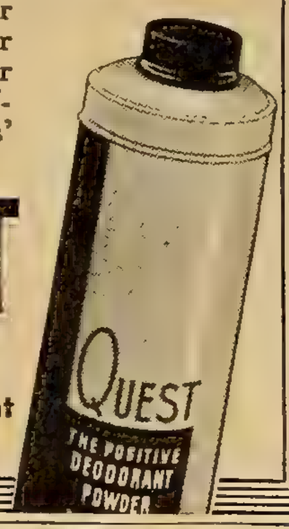
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

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For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, *a powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

There's *one* powder created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.



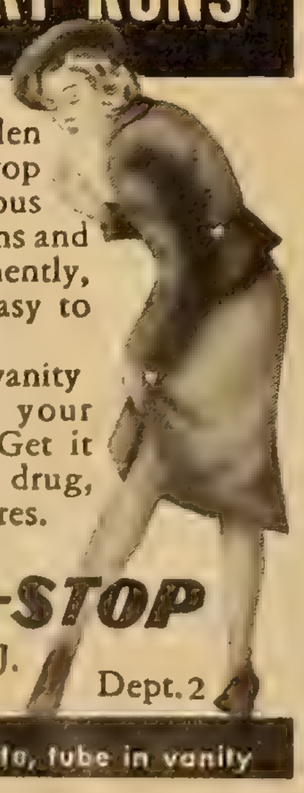
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Allen's Foot-Ease has been bringing relief and comfort to tired, burning feet for over 30 years. Sprinkle it on your feet and into your shoes, and enjoy the refreshing comfort it brings while you stand long hours at your work. Even stiff, heavy, new or tight-fitting shoes lose their terror when you use Allen's Foot-Ease. But good old Allen's does even more. It acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevents offensive foot odors. Helps keep feet, socks and stockings dry and sweet. For real foot comfort, remember it's Allen's Foot-Ease you want. At your druggist.

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Comes in a gay colored vanity Carry RUN-R-STOP in your handbag, and end runs! Get it today! 10¢ at all dept., drug, shoe, hosiery and 10¢ stores.



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10c Complete, tube in vanity

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Help beautify your eyes—the reflection of your personality. Now it's easy—thanks to the quick GLAMOR-EYES method. Watch your eyelashes grow silkier, softer, more appealing. Just rub a little on the eyelids before going to bed. The formula of a successful chemist. Prepared and sold only by us. Get the genuine. Ten months' supply including full directions, only $1.00 postpaid or C.O.D., plus postage. Money-back guarantee. PERMA, 89 Flatbush Ave., Dept. S.S.A. 11, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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FEMALE PAIN

Helps Build Up Resistance Against It!

If at such times *you* suffer from cramps, headache, backache, tired, nervous feelings, distress of "irregularities", periods of the blues—due to functional monthly disturbances — try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms because this famous medicine has a soothing effect on *one of woman's most important organs.*

Taken regularly — Pinkham's helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Also a fine stomachic tonic! Follow label directions.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

with the mother of an idolized star. There's Marie Brown, Tom's youthful mother, beautiful Mrs. MacMurray, whom Fred worships, and the mothers of Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald, Lou Costello, Pat O'Brien, Frances Dee, Robert Sterling, Claire Trevor, Marjorie Weaver and dozens of others. The boys just naturally gravitate toward merry Mrs. Annette Lake, whose daughter is Ann Sothern, asking for advice and pouring out their troubles. A lad from Norway came in one night. He had escaped from the Nazis on a fishing boat, reached England, then America, and now was in Hollywood. When he discovered that Mrs. Lake knew his native language he was overjoyed, and clung to her the rest of the evening.

The busboys form an impressive sight—Fred MacMurray, Basil Rathbone, John Loder, John Garfield, George Murphy, Louis Calhern and Jean Gabin being among the experts who wash dishes, carry plates and cups, and sweep up. There's a whole-hearted cooperation in every branch of the Canteen. They all carefully follow the rules and policy set forth by the Board of Directors. Everything runs smoothly.

It is estimated that 100,000 boys visit the Canteen each month. Mrs. John Ford, wife of the noted director, has charge of the kitchen and snack bar, and she's always on hand to see that the boys are well fed. Here are a few illuminating items. Each month they consume 4000 loaves of bread, 400 pounds of butter, 1500 pounds of coffee, 50,000 half pints of milk, 1000 pounds of cheese and all the sandwich meat they can get. On Friday nights there are also plates of cheese sandwiches for the Catholic boys. Then there's 30,000 gallons of fruit punch, 75,000 packages of cigarettes, 150,000 squares of cake, fresh each day. Many of the boys ask for milk instead of coffee, and the Navy always takes milk because when they are at sea they have only canned milk.

It was during the early weeks of the Canteen that Carmel Myers Blum, a favorite of the silent films, noticed three lonely looking French soldiers and stepping up to welcome them discovered they didn't understand English. "My French was rusty," Carmel told me. "So I called on an interpreter and quickly found they were desperately homesick. While trying to cheer them up it occurred to me that probably their parents were worrying about them, so I asked for the address of each boy's mother. The next day I wrote each a letter, just a short one, telling how I met her son, how he looked, and as many personal bits as I had gathered together. In a very short time I actually received a letter from each mother, pathetically grateful. It was then I decided to make this my special mission with the Canteen. I go every Monday night and watch for boys in the uniforms of our Allies. I ask about their families, get the address of mother or wife, and spend Tuesday writing to each one. Only a few have failed to send an appreciative reply. Too often, they say—'Please tell my son to write—it has been so long.' Now I include this in my visits with them. I urge that they send a letter home right now, tonight, here from the Canteen. Secretaries from the studios are always on hand to take dictation and help the boys get these messages ready for the mail. The thousands of grateful letters we receive makes us realize what an important contribution this is. We feel we are helping to cement a link of understanding with mothers and sons throughout the world."

So, amid enthusiasm and applause, and with an immense sense of satisfaction, the Canteen starts its second great year in entertaining Uncle Sam's service men—wholesome entertainment, that is a tribute to Hollywood's fine spirit of hospitality.

Cover Girl tells—"How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

says alluring PAT BOYD
"We must be glamourous"

"Even under the tropic heat of photographer's 1000-watt lights I have to look exquisite!" Cover Girl Pat Boyd says. "What's more, I simply can't risk injury to the expensive clothes I model in. So believe me, it was a load off my mind when I found a deodorant that even under these severe conditions, *really* did the job—Odorono Cream!

"The point is, Odorono Cream contains a really effective perspiration-stopper. It simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days.

"Odorono Cream is safe, too. For both skin and clothes. Even after shaving it is non-irritating—it contains emollients that are actually soothing. And as for delicate fabrics, I've proved that Odorono Cream won't rot them. I just follow directions and use it as often as I like.

"And think of it! Velvety, fragrant Odorono Cream gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorant creams. What a saving!

"So to every girl who'd like to be 'Cover-Girl glamourous' . . . here's my heartfelt advice: use Odorono Cream. You'll be delighted, *I know.*"



Winsome Pat Boyd





It's got something EXTRA...

MINER'S FOUNDATION CREAM with LANOLIN is a new, exquisite, tinted make-up base with "something extra" . . . a generous LANOLIN content, which helps soften your skin and protect it against temperature extremes. You'll like the way it hides tiny complexion lines, keeps your make-up fresh-looking hour after hour, giving your skin an air of well-groomed perfection.

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MINER'S Foundation Cream with LANOLIN

BE SLIM!

EAT PLENTY....YET REDUCE QUICKLY!

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So simple, so pleasant is this new natural way to take off ugly, dangerous, excess fat that you will be amazed at results! Simply take one Herb-Vite tablet morning and night, eat plenty three times a day, and follow the directions in the little booklet "How to Have a Slim Figure." This sensible Herb-Vite Method is the product of combined medical opinion and is absolutely harmless.

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"Really are 'super'. Lost 20 lbs. . . . feel better than in years," says Mrs. J. L. D.; "Lost 22 lbs." writes Mrs. F. B.; "Marvelous! can't say enough to thank you"—Mrs. G. R.; "Finest for reducing I ever got hold of"—Mrs. J. M. S.; "My doctor recommended your way"—Mrs. L. A.

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If you are FAT, and especially if you are over 30 years old, don't waste precious time! Get the Herb-Vite Method today from your druggist or health food store. If it is not yet in stock, send the coupon below for introductory package. Only $1.98 including booklet and 60 Herb-Vite tablets, sufficient for one month. You will be thrilled by the pounds and inches of excess fat that you will lose! Don't let flabby fat rob you of love and popularity . . . remember that Romance follows a lovely figure!

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PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 86L, St. Louis, Mo.

Deadline Darling

Continued from page 44

dramatics for the 'snap'—and flunked it!"

She was revolted because, although born in Spokane, Washington, she had lived in Hollywood since she was five so the movies had no glamor for her. On the contrary. She had seen too many stars who were once tops doing extra work, herded like patient cattle in casting offices, making "touches" or starving. Nor did the successful among them arouse her envy. They seemed to spend most of their free time in night clubs, she had observed. She hated night clubs. They were, at any rate, constantly on exhibition. Shy, she loathed exhibitionism. They had to be nice to people they didn't like. She didn't want to be nice to people she didn't like. They had to "stay dressed up" all the time. She didn't want to stay dressed up all the time, or half of it. She hadn't the faintest yen for huge estates, servants, cars, mink coats, orchids, diamonds. She thought it was all "phony" and didn't want any part of it. With one or two minor reservations she still feels the same

She was apprehensive because she could just imagine what "the folks" would say. Particularly her young brother, Bob; more particularly her grandmother, known in the family, affectionately but also most respectfully, as "Ma Mére." Ma Mére is, according to Suzanne, the "most priceless person in the world." When her son, and Suzanne's father, were killed in an automobile accident some years ago, Ma Mére, a dermatologist by profession, became the titular head of the family and "supported the lot of us." She sent young Bob to private schools, was planning to put Suzanne through college and medical school. Now seventy-eight and almost totally blind, Ma Mére completely ignores age and disability, goes to her office every day of her life, has trained her fingers to act as her eyes and, says her doting granddaughter, "has a devastating sense of humor and SUCH a temper! When she speaks, everyone jumps, believe me!" Ma Mére, Suzanne feared, not without reason, might well be derisive of anything so piffling as "making pictures." She was.

Susanne was intrigued, but mildly, because "with nothing more important to do" with her summer vacation, it might not be a bad way to pick up some "easy money." It might, also, be an amusing experience.

Thus, and for so indifferent a reason did Miss Carnahan consent, graciously but with tongue in cheek, to make the test. Nothing came of it because Bobby was a portly lad and Suzanne looked too young to play his mother for which part the director, suffering from a touch of sun, perhaps, had tested her. But it was indirectly productive in that it won her a summer scholarship to Max Reinhardt's Hollywood Workshop. Henry Blanke, a producer at Warner Brothers, saw her play the lead in the Workshop's presentation of "Holiday" and, viewing her with the eyes of the Sol Lesser scout, signed her to a two-year contract.

"When I went to Warners," said Susan, "I knew just how Alice in Wonderland must have felt when, against her better judgment, she followed the White Rabbit into the tunnel. I didn't know *why* I was doing this fantastic thing. Curiosity, I suppose; an adventure with the mixed but beckoning qualities of dream and nightmare. But having done it, I set myself a goal: stardom or nothing. Furthermore, I gave myself a three-year deadline. If, at the end of that time, I hadn't made it, I'd quit and enter 'pre-Med' as I had planned."

In the beginning, things looked bright



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enough, as beginnings have a way of doing. The Warners sent their new contractee to the Studio Dramatic School. They instructed her in make-up and, without her knowledge since nobody bothered to consult her, rechristened her Sharon O'Keefe. When she heard her new name, she rejected it on the grounds that it was "too fancy" to be suitable to her. A list of fifty additional names was submitted to her and she chose Susan Peters. The family still calls her Suzanne.

During her first weeks at Warners she was "up" for every good part in every "A" production on the lot. She made a test for "Our Town," another for "So Red The Rose" among others. Nothing came of them. Thereafter, she made tests for twenty good parts that did not materialize. They would tell her: "Your tests are beautiful. You are a great actress, Peters. You are the white hope of the lot"—then someone else would get the plums while she was assigned to bits in "Sante Fe Trail," "Sockeroo," "Scattergood Baines Pulls The Strings," "Escape From Crime," etcetera.

The girl who wanted "stardom or nothing" suffered miserably. She loathed herself for being a "time-wasting, thumb-twiddling little fool."

Then she was tested for the rôle of Gary Cooper's wife in "Sergeant York" and hope rose again in her heart ("Which, by this time," she said, "Resembled a barometer gone wacky") for she was announced as definitely cast. Her costumes were fitted. Her wigs were made. The night before she was to report on the set, she was notified that she was out of the cast.

"But *why?*"

"You would not be believable as Cooper's wife, Peters, you are too young."

Joan Leslie, a flat sixteen, got the part—Susan was twenty.

Just before her final option fell due, she made a test for a part in "Kings Row." The next she heard, Betty Field was doing it. Then she was fired.

With the first two years of her self-imposed probationary period written off as, she figured despondently, a "dead loss," and with another year to go, Susan was trying to make up her mind whether to stick it out or take a defense job for the duration when Director S. Sylvan Simon resolved her problem for her. He had been looking for a young girl with dramatic ability to play *Cora Edwards* in M-G-M's current "Tish." He saw a round dozen of Susan's discarded tests and decided she would do. She "did" so well that Mr. Simon talked about her to producers and other directors. Word of mouth does more for you in Hollywood than paid advertising.

It was while she was making "Tish" that Susan met young Richard Quine. They fell in love. "It is the only time I have ever been in love, *really,*" Susan told me, gravely. "I *thought* I was, any number of times before. My heart was pinned, habitually and rather insecurely, on my sleeve. In other words, I was susceptible. But this time I didn't *think,* I *knew.* There is all the difference."

One of the romances that could not, at first, bloom in the open because young Quine, although separated from his wife, was awaiting his divorce, it was difficult for candid Miss Peters to keep her happiness a secret. Now that Richard is free, the young people plan to be married in November and once again Susan has set herself a goal—"Happiness" and a deadline—"Forever after."

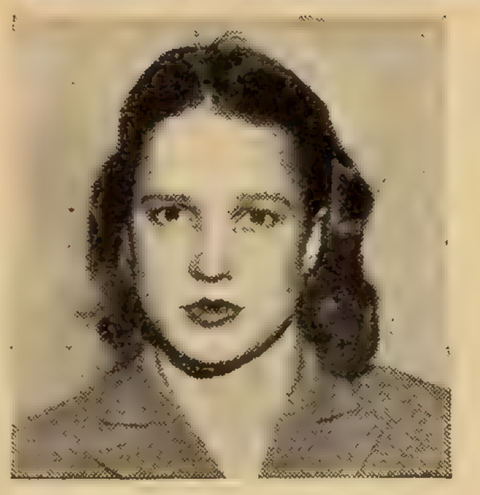
While Susan was making "Tish," Producer Sidney Franklin and Director Mervyn LeRoy were fine-combing the town for a young actress to play *Kitty* in "Ran-



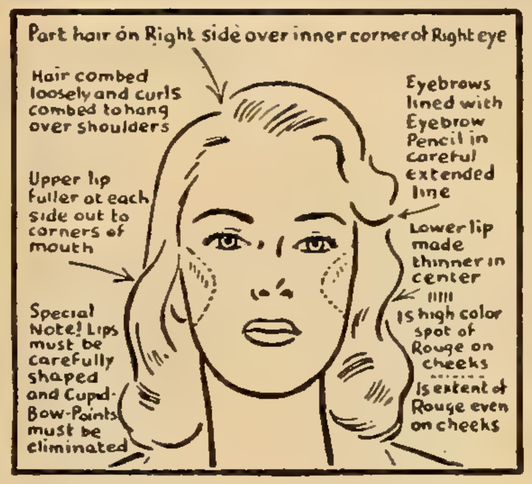
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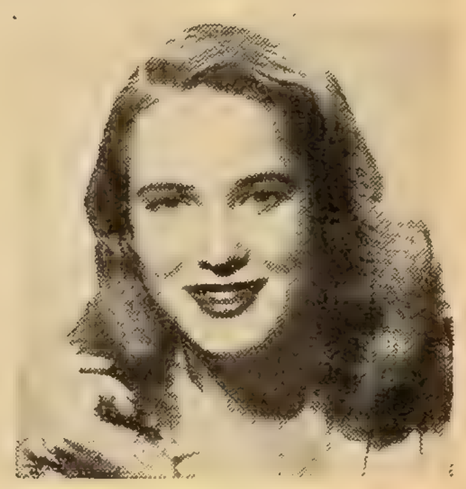
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dom Harvest." They saw one of Susan's tests—*the one that didn't get her the part in "Sergeant York,"* the irony of which delights her—and promptly signed her.

Seldom has a newcomer to the screen been handed such an important part in such an important picture and been expected, in addition, to hold her own against two such formidable stars as Greer Garson and Ronald Colman. It may also be the first time that studio faith has been so richly rewarded.

But even after her triumph in "Random Harvest" and her studio's unbounded confidence in her brilliant future—they consider her a young and ornamental Helen Hayes in type—which they have demonstrated by giving her increasingly "fat" assignments, "Assignment in Brittany," with Pierre Aumont, "Song of Russia," with Robert Taylor, and, recently, a brand-new, seven-year gilt-edge contract, Miss Peters remains undazzled and still slightly skeptical of the movies as a safe, sane, and satisfying future.

The attitude of her family is, no doubt, partly responsible for Susan's unchanged perspective as she approaches stardom. When Susan was in Hollywood High, her mother managed the apartment house in Santa Monica in which they lived—and live now. Susan used to help her mother show apartments in her spare time. When she was making "Random Harvest," she continued to help her mother show apartments and *still does.* In fact:

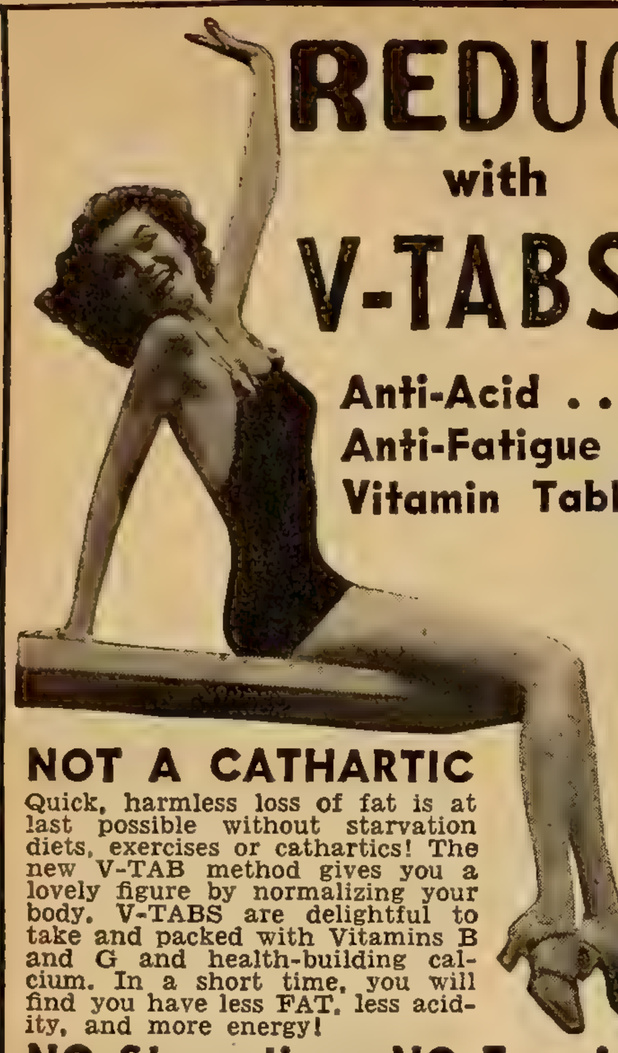
"My family is still laughing at me," said rising-star Miss Peters. "My young brother, now in the Army Air Corps, thinks my being in the movies is a 'lot of bologney' and doesn't like his friends to know about it. My mother and grandmother were disappointed in me in 'Random Harvest,' thought I did well enough but could have done better in 'Assignment in Brittany' and 'have hopes' of me in 'Song of Russia.' Secretly, however, I think they are proud of me, for even Ma Mère will admit, under pressure and in spite of her disappointment about my medical career, that she would like me to stay in pictures—but only if I am good. She means, *really* good."

Susan herself is of the same mind. "Not having much wanted to be in pictures in the first place," she said, "I must admit that I am now a great ham, love to act, get a thrill out of working before the cameras—but only if I think I am doing it *well.* I want to be an *actress,* you see, not a 'movie star.' I am satisfied with the progress I've made since I've been with M-G-M; I'd be a fool to feel otherwise, but I will be content only so long as I continue to make progress, and no longer. I will *not* stay in pictures unless I am the BEST, I promise you that."

Nor can feted and flattered Miss Peters feel, even now, that there is anything glamorous about the hard work of making pictures. Interesting? If you have a good story, yes. Satisfying? When you witness a good job well done, very. Glamorous? No. Indeed, she still dislikes, intensely and outspokenly, most of the perquisites that go with being a movie star. The flattery, for example. Bone-honest, young Miss Peters is sickened when people who were "chilly" to her before she made "Random Harvest" now fawn upon her as if she were a queen. "It horrifies me," she said. "It is the one thing that horrifies me more than anything about this business—to realize that, with the exception of the friends I had before I made any success in pictures, I will never know who my real friends are!"

Then there is the little matter of her old bugaboo, having to stay "all dressed up" all the time.

"Mother and I were marketing in Santa Monica a few weeks ago," Susan related, sadly. "Me in shorts, bobby socks, my hair



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in pig-tails as usual. I was busy at the meat counter trying to make six red points look like nine when mother whispered to me, 'You know, dear, you are not going to be able to go about dressed like this much longer, people are staring at you.' I felt quite ill. I like clothes. I like lots of clothes. But I hate the things that go with them, shoes, hats, accessories, the 'right' hair-do, that toozied-up feeling. I hate perfumes and formals and jewelry and girdles and high heels and I wouldn't *own* a mink coat. If I did, I'd feel *sinful!*

"I used to feel that if you were a movie star, you had to be rather phony. You don't have to be anything of the sort, of course, if you bear in mind that the back-slapping and the neon lights and the red carpets and the 'orchids to you' are not to you, personally, at all but to the publicized player. I am, for example, enormously amused by people who, largely unaware of me a year ago, now treat me as if I were marked 'Fragile & Breakable.' I'll be climbing up the cat-walk on a sound stage, let's say, and a dozen voices will wail, 'Don't DO that, Peters, you might fall and break your neck!' Now, I'd been climbing up and down and all around the studio for months—it's the tomboy in me—and no one had uttered a warning syllable. What they really mean is, 'Don't do that, Peters, you might break your neck and *ruin the picture!*'

"So I intend to keep myself, Suzanne Carnahan, and my screen self, Susan Peters, just what they are—strangers, one to the other. As a matter of fact, they wouldn't be congenial. For I, Suzanne, am a prude, very narrow-minded, do not approve of drinking, think 'Wolves' are disgusting and, worse (I went out with one once, just ONCE), hideously boring. I am also very nervous, very prone to the jitters and die, simply *die* when I am asked for my autograph." (Susan has, however, nerves notwithstanding 80 flying hours to her credit and hopes to get 800 in order to qualify her for the Women's Division of the Ferry Command, which doesn't quite add). "I love to talk and when people ask me intelligent questions, rather enjoy being interviewed. But when they pull an 'If you had your choice between Tarzan and Superman, which would it be?' I feel a homicidal mania coming on. I will probably be known as 'temperamental' by a number of people in this business before I am through because I can't stand anything slow. When I go I want to *get* there with the result that I can't rehearse, I have to step onto the stage and *do* the scene.

"And I have set myself *another* deadline. Seven years from eight months ago, which is the term of my contract, I will be retired and living on the farm Richard and I plan to buy, not directly we are married, but as soon as the war is over. Once retired, I shall *stay* retired. I hope we will have children, quite a lot of children, and cows and chickens and vegetables and cats and flowers and dogs and peace of mind and *friends.* I know everyone in pictures has, at one time or another, said the same thing and few, if any of them have done it. But believe me," said Miss Carnahan, for she was speaking, *"I mean it!"*

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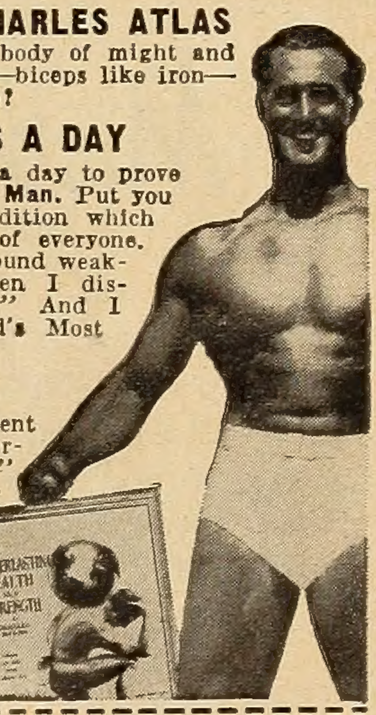
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Mister—you're getting paid in DYNAMITE!

LET'S NOT KID OURSELVES about this. Our pay envelope today *is* dynamite.

If we handle it *wrong*, it can blow up in our face . . . lengthen the war . . . and maybe wreck *our* chances of having happiness and security *after* the war.

The wrong way to handle it...and why

The wrong way is for us to be good-time Charlies. To wink at prices that look too steep . . . telling ourselves we can afford to splurge.

We *can't* afford to—whether we're business men, farmers, or workers. And here's why:

Splurging will boost prices. First on one thing, then all along the line.

Then, wages will have to go up to meet higher prices. And higher wages will push prices up some more . . . faster and faster, like a runaway snowball.

The reason this can happen is that there is more money in pay envelopes today than there are things to buy with it. This year, we Americans will have *45 billion* dollars more income than there are goods and services to buy at present prices. *45 billion dollars extra money!*

That's the dynamite!

The right way to handle it...and why

Our Government is doing a lot of things to keep the cost of living from snow-balling.

Rationing helps. Price ceilings help. Wage-and-rent stabilization helps. Higher taxes help. They're *controls* on those dangerous excess dollars.

But the real control is in our hands. Yours. Mine.

It won't be fun. It will mean sacrifice and penny-pinching. But it's the only way we can win this war . . . pay for it . . . and keep America a going nation afterwards.

And, after all, the sacrifice of tightening our belts and doing without is a small sacrifice compared with giving your life or your blood in battle!

Here's what You must do

Buy only what you absolutely need. And this means absolutely. If you're tempted, think what a front-line soldier finds he can get along without.

Don't ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist pressure to force YOUR prices up.

Buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps. Shun the Black Market as you would the plague.

Don't pay a cent above ceiling prices.

Take a grin-and-bear-it attitude on taxes. They must get heavier. But remember, these taxes help pay for Victory.

Pay off your debts. Don't make new ones. Getting yourself in the clear helps keep your Country in the clear.

Start a savings account. Buy and keep up adequate life insurance. This puts your dollars where they'll do you *good*.

Buy more War Bonds. Not just a "percent" that lets you feel patriotic, but enough so it *really* pinches your pocketbook.

If we do these things, we and our Government won't have to fight a post-war battle against collapsing prices and paralyzed business. It's *our* pay envelope. It's up to *us*.

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this Magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

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My make-up would not
be complete without
Maybelline Mascara,
Eyebrow Pencil and
Eye Shadow
Merle Oberon



WHAT I CAN'T DO WITHOUT
IT'S CHESTERFIELD

GOOD TOBACCOS, YES —but the BLEND that's the thing

When you smoke CHESTERFIELDS you know you're getting the best tobaccos that money can buy—but that's not all . . . the world's best cigarette tobaccos, yes . . . but the blend—Chesterfields' Right Combination—that's the thing.

That's why your Chesterfields are Milder and Better-Tasting...that's why they always SATISFY.

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